THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Mooar Rev Geo 16th Mar 1901 400 Edwards

Ships Upon the Sea.

GOD hath so many ships upon the sea!
The men of war all bannered gallantly,
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,—
The little fisher boats and barques of pleasure.
On all this sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious name thereon.

The winds go up and down the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be,
And other ships they buffet long and blindly;
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shores the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea,
O, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder!
The wisdom throned above is dark to me;
Yet it is sweet to think God's care is under,
And yet the sunken treasures may be drawn
Into His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I that sail in peril on the sea,
With my beloved whom yet the waves may cover,
Say, God hath more than angel's care of me,
And larger share than I in friend and lover.
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
This deep is but the hollow of his hand!

—*Carl Spencer.*

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San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, February 28, 1901

Gifts.

"What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.
Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
To speed Thy coming way.

"Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small,
Yet, wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all."
There came a voice from heavenly heights;
"Unclose thine eyes and see.
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me."

—*British Weekly.*

One day last week there was placed in our hands by the publishers—The Whitaker & Ray Company of San Francisco—a book of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled "The Transition Period of California." Once begun, the pages of the book were turned with intense interest, and it was not laid aside until the whole had been read. The author is the Rev. S. H. Willey, D.D. The book covers the period from 1846 to 1850, during which time California passed from her position as a province of Mexico to that of a State in the American Union. We commend the book not only to Californians, but to every lover of history. It is a study of a turning point in the history of the nation. He who spends a dollar for it and reads it will be made familiar with things momentous in our national history. Dr. Willey was in attendance at the meetings of the Constitutional Convention in Monterey in 1849; he has made a careful study of authorities in books already treating this period, and has brought the additional light which notes of conversations with early residents afford. Nothing that we have ever read makes so plain the fact that here in California a little more than half a century ago were being enacted some of those momentous events, which, through the superintendence of a Wisdom and Power infinitely above that of man, operated in the destruction of African slavery in America. It is highly gratifying to The Pacific that one who was one of its first editors, now in his eighty-first year, after a long life of much usefulness as preacher and teacher and counselor for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, has left this valuable history of those early years. This book by Dr. Willey, along with other ministries, shows plainly that God has work for some of his servants to do considerably beyond the three score and ten limit.

Although the closing years of the nineteenth century were full of wars and rumors of war, it is evident that there was never a time when the outlook for universal peace was so promising. The closing of the century was better than its beginning. Although it was one of much bloodshed, although in thousands of homes in many lands there was sorrow because of loved ones slain, the sentiment in nearly every country was quite different from what it was an hundred years earlier. At the beginning war was considered almost universally a glorious thing. Nations were ready to go to war on slight provocation. But the last third of the century many questions in dispute were settled by the nations themselves, or by arbitration, which in earlier years would have been settled only on the battlefield. We believe that the sad experience that Great Britain has had in the South African war, prolonged far beyond every anticipation, will do considerable toward the hastening of the day when nations will not go to war any more. In the sadness of her last hours—a sadness induced by the sufferings of her people in that South African struggle—the good Queen Victoria caused, by her pleadings, her son and grandson to kneel by her bedside and pledge themselves for peace, not only between Great Britain and Germany, but to the same earnest endeavor to promote it the world over.

Mrs. Nation has been wise enough to confine her attacks on the saloon to Kansas, where that institution cannot claim the protection of the law. Whenever she has left the state she has also left her hatchet. The newspapers that cannot understand so pronounced and so courageous a hostility to the saloon have hastened to call her crazy. But there is much wisdom in her madness. Mrs. Nation knows how to arouse a dormant public sentiment and to send it forth on its neglected mission. What Mrs. Nation desires to have done this nation ought to do. It will do it some time. It must crush the saloon or be itself crushed by it. In a recent number of The Ram's Horn, Frank Beard pictures a brawny saloonist as Ajax defying the lightning. The burly fellow wearing the breastplate, "License," carries in one hand a big horn labeled "Personal Liberty," while in the other

hand he swings a huge bottle with the word "saloon" branded thereon. A great big foot rests upon the head and neck of a prostrate boy. But the forked lightning, "Public Opinion," is playing in the sky, perilously near, and the inscription is, "Sooner or later it will strike him down." Long time African slavery cursed this nation, but it went down at last. Now we are in the shackles forged by the saloon. But as sure as there is a God in the heavens, it is doomed. We may not be able to tell today just how it is to be put away, but the handwriting on the wall tells that it must be.

The Peerless Poet of the Sanctuary.

A hymn written nearly two hundred years ago was sung by a choir of a thousand voices when the first Governor-General of the federated Australian colonies was inducted into office recently. It was one by Isaac Watts, beginning—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast;
And our eternal home!"

How appropriate! "Our help in ages past; our hope for years to come!" Australia well knows that God has been her help in the past and that he is her only hope for the years to come. That hymn has been a comfort and an inspiration to countless hearts, and if Isaac Watts had done nothing more than to write that one hymn, his life would go on in wonderful influence for good while the world should endure. "Let me write the songs of a country," said one who had measured somewhat the influence of song, "and I care not who may make its laws." The singing of that grand old hymn by a thousand voices must have impressed deeply all who witnessed those inauguration services in Australia.

It was given unto Isaac Watts not only to be "the father of hymnody and its chief promoter" during his life, but to come on down the years as, perhaps, the greatest among hymn writers. Nearly two hundred of his hymns are found today in such leading hymnals as "Songs of the Sanctuary," and "Spiritual Songs." In 1825 Montgomery said of Watts that "he may almost be called the inventor of hymns in our language. For he so far departed from all precedent that few of his compositions resemble those of his forerunners—while he so far established a precedent to all his successors that none have departed from it, otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style of expressing Christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged."

The old hymns were not very edifying to young Watts. The day of hymn books in the Lord's house had not yet come. The Independents in England in Watts' early days are supposed to have used Rouse's version of the Psalms. In 1562 a version of the Psalms was issued in which the words of the Psalmist, "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand? Pluck it out of thy bosom," were rendered by the poet as follows:

"Why dost withdraw thy hand aback
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out and be not slack
To give thy foes a rappe."

Another specimen before Watts' day was—

"'Tis like the precious ointment
Down Aaron's beard did go;
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment's skirts unto."

Whatever the hymns were that were sung in the dissenting meeting house at Southampton, they were so little to the taste of young Watts that he complained of them one day to his father, who said at once: "Give us something better, young man." Thus invited, he did give them something better. His first hymn, written at once, began—

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown."

The production of such a hymn as the one of which this is only one of eight stanzas made a demand for more, and those for yet others; and at length a hymnal containing 222 compositions was published. Soon he planned to accommodate the Psalms to Christian worship. As soon as it was published the book had large sale, and ere long it supplanted, among the Dissenting congregations, all others. It became popular at a later day everywhere in the British colonies and has never been supplanted. In 1884 Dr. Hatfield said: "And now, though new compilations of hymns have, during the present century, been continually seeking the patronage of the churches, not one of them can obtain or secure it among the Congregational, Presbyterian, or Baptist churches of England and America that is not largely composed of Watts' inimitable spiritual songs. To this day Isaac Watts remains the peerless 'Poet of the Sanctuary.'"

The time will never come when Watts will be supplanted in the compilations for the service of song in the sanctuary. The writer picked up a hymnal not long ago in a leading church and counted one hundred and ninety hymns by Watts in a collection of 1,340. In another collection of 1,086 there were found one hundred and sixty of his hymns.

It was Watts who wrote—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

* * * * * *

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

To Watts is the Christian world indebted for the hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

And ever, while men shall worship, from him will come the call—

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue!

Belief in the Supreme Divinity of Jesus.

Unitarians are claiming that Chief Justice Marshall was a Unitarian. His daughter is quoted as having said that he told her that he believed in the truths of the Christian religion, but not in the divinity of Christ; but that the last month of his life he read a book that enabled him to believe in his "supreme divinity." A writer in the Christian Register says that that is what all Unitarians believe—the supreme divinity of Christ—and that this is "quite different from the Deity of Christ, much more from the dogma of the Trinity." Not long ago we had occasion to refer in the city library to a book giving the lives of the Chief Justices of the United States, and to others concerning Marshall, and our impression from those readings was that his belief, until near the close of his life, was the Unitarian belief as to the person of Christ, but that the reading of the book changed that to such a belief as was held by the Episcopalians with whom he worshiped. And the statements therein were in effect that he desired to make public confession of Christ, and accordingly declined private administration of the Sacraments. His death occurred before this public opportunity was offered. But his daughter tells of a change from an inability to believe in the divinity of Christ to a belief in his "supreme divinity." What did she put into the words, "supreme divinity"? Before that time, according to her statement, he had believed Christ to be simply a human being. There could have been no change of belief unless after that he believed him to be something other and different from that. In our opinion his daughter meant to put into those words more than modern Unitarians put into them. It is reasonable to think that she intended to state a change on his part from a belief simply in Christ's humanity to a belief in his deity, or at least a superhuman nature. It is the custom nowadays, and it was the same then, for people who believe in the deity of Christ to use the word divinity in expressing their thoughts as to his nature. We find theologians who believe that in one essential Godhead there coexist three Persons—consubstantial, coequal and coeternal, so expressing themselves. But at the present time, when there is so much talk about the divine in man, it should not be forgotten that the man who says that he believes in the supreme divinity of Jesus may mean by it nothing more than that he believes him to have been the flower of humanity, the most perfect human, and not at all superhuman.

It is not especially important that we should arrive at any conclusion as to what Chief Justice Marshall believed, but it is highly important that we should know what meaning people in these days give to the expression, "The supreme divinity of Jesus," when they use it in stating their belief. If our preachers who use it put no more and no other meaning into it than the Unitarian writer quoted, then, indeed, are they departing from what has long been regarded as a truth upon which rests the whole fabric of revealed religion.

If, as Professor Paine of Bangor Seminary says, Christ's moral consciousness was simply human, though "eminent in its whole religious movement above all who were around him," there does not appear to be in him any more of a channel for the revealing of God than is found here and there in lives being lived in the world today. Then grope we in darkness here, and move out at last on the sea of the great unknown with only the hope which human reason can bring.

But Christ said to his early disciples: "Ye are from beneath; I am from above." And again he said: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world and go to the Father." And at that very time the disciples said: "Now are we sure that thou knowest all things." And in that belief that he knew more than any human being knew their Master left them undisturbed. In a sermon on "The Unaccountable Man," the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell says: "The enemies of Jesus, in order to accomplish his death, laid many things to his charge. He was accused of sedition, but that fell through. He was accused of refusing to pay tribute to Caesar; that also came to naught. He was accused of putting himself forward as a rival claimant to the throne; that, too, was thrown out of court. All that was left of the indictment was this: 'He maketh himself equal with God.' And it was under this charge that he was sentenced to the cross. Why did he not deny the accusation? He might have saved himself with a word, but he never uttered it. He died for making himself equal with God. Is it not clear that Jesus was either more or less than the best of men?"

The coming of a steamship all the way from China in safety only to go down at the entrance of the San Francisco harbor, carrying with it one hundred and twenty persons to a watery grave, is perhaps the most saddening occurrence in the history of this city. It is doubtful whether the investigation now being made will result in fixing the blame upon any one. It seems to us that it cannot be laid upon the captain who heroically stood by his ship and went to the bottom with it, endeavoring to the very last to save the passengers entrusted to his care, giving special attention first to the women and children. A vessel is in the hands of the pilot from the time he goes aboard, so far as effecting entrance to the harbor is concerned, and the pilot, if any one, is blamable, no matter what the captain may have said or done. Fogs settle down quickly just in and out of San Francisco bay, and it may be that with the vessel under headway the only thing that could be done was done. We do not know whether the statement is true or untrue; but it has been said that some of the pilots hereabouts are hard drinkers. That is something that should not be allowed on the part of a pilot. If this be true we shall expect to hear of more accidents of this terrible kind. Pilots as well as railway engineers need clear heads. Nothing else so befogs a man as the intoxicating cup. The thickest fog on San Francisco bay is not comparable with it.

The San Francisco Association will meet in the Pierce Street church, Monday, March the 11th.

Religious World.

Rev. F. H. Wales has resigned as editor of the Pacific Prohibiitionist. Mr. Wales put in six months' hard work in that position without much remuneration.

It is said that Mr. Charles N. Hunt, who gave up a lucrative practice as a lawyer in answer to what seemed to him a divine call to preach the gospel as a laymen is meeting with marked success in the East.

All friends of Christian education will find the sermon by the Rev. Henry Kingman of Claremont an interesting and valuable one. Although entitled "Pomona College," it applies to Christian education in general. We ask a careful reading of it, and on the part of our California readers especially an earnest consideration of the claims and needs of Pomona College.

In the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. E. P. Goodwin of Chicago Congregationalism loses one who has long stood at the forefront in religious work in that city. His influence was great throughout the country, and was not confined to our own land. In Home Missionary and American Board affairs that influence was extensive. As pastor of the First church of Chicago he was a trusted leader among his people, and much that was done by that church in great benvolent enterprises was due to the direction and inspiration of their beloved pastor.

In Huron College, South Dakota, is a young woman, the daughter of a farmer near by, who washes dishes and scrubs floors for three hours every day to pay for her board and lodging. Her father is not able to send her to the college. But she has the will to go, and so finds a way. That young woman will make her mark in the world. Already she is making it. She may turn out in later years only a home-maker, a housewife, but such aspiration and pluck will leave its impress in some manner on the world.

The Pacific Ensign for February 21st was a "Mothers' number." It contains many good thoughts and suggestions for mothers which if followed would result in much good in the little lives entrusted to their care. Among other things is a list of most excellent books for children. The W. C. T. U. women, who are in charge of the Pacific Ensign, are, with limited means, publishing a good paper in the interests of the cause which it champions. "In the name of God we will set up our banners," is the motto, and in very truth is it for the uplifting of humanity.

History, it has been said, repeats itself. The London Christian says that there is "a remarkable resemblance between the conditions of life against which the prophet Amos protested in the name of God, and those which prevail amongst us at the present hour. The luxury and covetousness which the prophet anathematized flourish in our midst. And the same warnings which he uttered in the name of the Lord need uttering by the servants of God at this moment. Indeed, with scarcely an alteration, the greater part of the Book of Amos might well be applied to our modern civilization." Certainly sin is the same yesterday, today, and forever. It works ever in the human heart and life dire results.

Jewish people throughout the country are especially pleased with the presentation in the theatres of General Lew Wallace's masterpiece, "Ben Hur." It is combating, to considerable extent, the prejudices against them in the non-Jewish world. A Boston Rabbi said recently: "It teaches men, as dozens of sermons could not, respect for the Jew. Most all lovable and admirable characters in the plays are Jews, and they are wholly such characters, it is to be observed, simply by the power of their own faith, Judaism, and none other. People cannot leave such a play without more enlightened regard for 'my people,' and sees in them not a lot of merciless sharks and parasites and showy parvenus, as the disposition but too often and marked is to think them, but a people pre-eminently as warm-hearted, as generous, as noble and developed as were the son of Hur, Simonides, Esther, Tirzah and the mother of Hur, virtues indoctrinated within them and so carefully fostered and accentuated by their faith today as in the first Christian centuries."

There are fifty-six religious bodies doing missionary work in China, exclusive of the Roman Catholics. It is said sometimes that great confusion must come to the Chinese from this multiplicity; that the differences in methods of work and of doctrine must be detrimental to success. The North China Daily News says in reference to this: "This is immensely exaggerated. Varieties of belief do not shock the Chinese at all, and every year the differences between the Protestant sects, as seen in China, grew more and more faint. The relations of English and American missionaries in the Shantung district are of the most cordial character. With regard to German missionaries, the only fault that their American and English colleagues have to find is that there are too few of them. * * * While there are differences in trivial matters, there is unity in essentials among all Protestant sects, and this year's persecutions have brought them still more closely together, while the story of Peking has greatly raised the status of the Protestant missionaries in the minds of those who were before disposed to look down upon them, and has emphasized the sincerity of the native Christians, who have boldly faced death in the most terrible forms rather than recant. Of Chinese martyrs in the truest sense of the word there have been this year thousands."

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson gives some interesting personal recollections of the late Dr. Riggs. While spending a few days at Constantinople in 1884, he attended a prayer-meeting of the missionaries. Alarming events had occurred, showing threatening hostility of the powers that be in Turkey towards the work of the mission, especially toward converts from Islam. He was greatly impressed and comforted by Dr. Riggs' remarks in that meeting. His recollection of them is substantially as follows: "In the fifty years of my missionary life here, I have shared with my brethren and sisters the experience of a number of such seasons of alarm and anxiety. In some cases all human appearances indicated that hostile forces were about to put an end to our work and drive us out of the land. In every instance God has interposed to save us and his cause, sometimes in a very marked and wonderful manner. Now so much seed of truth has been sown all through this land, and much of it has so taken root and made vigorous growth, that if every missionary should be driven away, it could never be eradicated. The saving work of God will go on to completion with or without us." And Dr. Nelson adds: "I know not how often those calm, strong words and the venerable aspect of the white-haired speaker have come encouragingly to me in the past sixteen years, when I have read of dangers threatening that or other missions."

The Bystander.

The Compensations of Self-Denial.

Self-denial is a good old phrase, less popular in our age of indulgence than formerly, when men made it an end rather than a means, and resorted to extreme forms of supposed self-sacrifice. In his favorite book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Prof. Drummond names the stages or types of sacrifice—that by suicide, mortification and limitation. In other words, we may deny ourselves suddenly by a quick and decisive cutting off of certain sins or pleasures, as by plucking out the eye or cutting off the hand, if they offend; or by mortifying "your members which are upon the earth," a gradual rather than sudden process of self-denial. Again, one may deny himself by limitation, which makes it impossible for a man to serve both God and mammon at the same time.

Self-denial is resisted by many, who fail to see any compensation for such a life of self-sacrifice. Self stands before the pleasure of the world as a boy looks at a shop window filled with candies, and it cries out for these sweet-meats. There are certain people who must deny themselves many pleasures, while others may enjoy them. Indeed, it may be said that good people have more rights than bad people. Morality multiplies a man's real joys by making him safe and sane in the enjoyment of them. It is one of the rewards of the highest self-denial.

Mr. Beecher once said that only good men had a right to be rich. This is good doctrine. It is the right idea of a true stewardship. It is not necessary for a man to hate himself, but to hate the things which diminish and impoverish that self. The great working principle of right living is to know how to use our lives, to know what to do with the eternal self. The end of life is neither self-denial nor happiness. It is power and capacity and efficiency. Self-indulgence—having what we want and wanting what we have—is one way to live; self-denial—concentrating our power, collecting our energies and controlling ourselves—is another way to live. The compensations of these two principles are as different as pagan Rome is from an English monastery. The one is license—the river running hither and thither, spreading over lowland and moor; the other the countless streams and rivulets collected in one deep channel. The river in the channel is a current of power.

Self-denial has done more for men than self indulgence. What has often passed for denial has been poverty. When a man does not use all his rights or his money or his powers, but denies himself for the sake of his higher self, he finds compensation in character, which is indeed eternal life.

The Last Days of Pompeii.

The destroyed cities of the world have become moral forces. They are remembered. No Oriental city teeming with life is more widely known than Sodom and Gomorrah. Among the great ruins of modern times, Pompeii, by the Mediterranean and on the nothern slope of Mt. Vesuvius, is the most remarkable. The last days of this city are described by Pliny, the Younger, and in Bulwer Lytton's famous novel we have the description wrought out in a work of excellent fiction.

Pliny says that in the year 79 A. D. a cloud of smoke appeared over the crater of Vesuvius in the shape of a pine tree, which spread like a thick cloud over the city. Then came a shower of fire, pumice stone, lava and ashes, which continued for three days. Pompeii at this time was a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, rich in art, beautiful for situation, and distinguished as a summer resort. It was here Seneca lived and Cicero had a villa. It was a summer resort for wealthy Romans. Its destruction was a literal fulfillment of the prophecy, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken and the other left."

The Bystander was much interested in walking through these ancient streets, some of which have only recently been excavated. For nearly eighteen centuries Pompeii lay buried under the Italian farms, until discovered by a workman who was digging a trench. The revelations of Pompeii are familiar to my readers. The last days of terrible destruction are a part of the world's history. The cooking utensils, trinkets, locks, eggs, skeletons, wares, loaves of bread and evidences of iniquity and paganism found in Pompeii have become the property of mankind. The museum in Pompeii possesses an extraordinary interest to the tourist, and as he looks upon the human forms crusted with the fireless lava, he is reminded that there is nothing hid which shall not be revealed.

Lost Arts.

The Bystander is reminded that the present is here brought into juxtaposition with the past. The present cannot ridicule the past. Some things have been lost in the flight of time. Old customs, arts, sciences have disappeared forever. Wendell Phillips was in the habit of delighting his audiences with an account of lost arts, and The Bystander will refer to his lecture which he happens to have on his book-shelves, and read what he says. Speaking of the boast that the ancients knew nothing of glass, he says: "In Pompeii, a dozen miles south of Naples, they broke into a room full of glass; there was ground glass, window glass, cut glass and colored glass, of every variety. It was undoubtedly a glass-makers' factory. So the lie and the refutation came face to face. It was like a pamphlet printed in London in 1836 by Dr. Lardner, which proved that a steamboat could not cross the ocean; and the book came to this country in the first steamboat that came across the Atlantic."

Disasters.

The disasters of the world bear through history their own lessons. They are not without their gospel. It is the everlasting "Reign of Law" which has for so many ages asserted the presence of the Law-giver. The terrible tragedy in the San Francisco harbor last week is the last manifestation of majestic law, which, once violated, is a terrible avenger. As men read the awful account of this disaster they felt as in the charge of the six hundred, that "some one had blundered." "The Last Days of Pompeii," the destruction of Galveston, the burning of Chicago, the sinking of the Rio Janeiro, the sacking of Rome, and the destruction of Jerusalem may never be explained in this life, but the memory of these events tells us of the uncertainty of life, the inexplicableness of accidents, and the "reign of Law."

The Ross Case.

The dismissal of Professor Ross from Stanford University has been the subject of an investigation by the American Economic Association. The finding favors Professor Ross. It was commenced largely because certain reports or ambiguous charges were current which might be construed against the personal character of Professor Ross. The verdict of the Economic Association confirms the first impression made upon the mind of the public, viz., that Professor Ross was dismissed because of his views on national questions. President Jordan's defense is weak in this statement: "Professor Ross was dismissed because, in the judgment of the Universitiy authorities, he was not the proper man for the place he held. The responsibility for the correctness of this

judgment belongs to the University authorities and to them alone." In plain English this means: Professor Ross was dismissed for unknown reasons. These reasons are none of the public's business. That is the defense in a nutshell. But the people are not satisfied with such an explanation. The Stanford authorities have written letters and published explanations, but the letters have added to the confusion and the explanations have not explained.

Dr. Van Dyke said last Sunday: "I would rather see the silver question decided the wrong way than see Professor Ross silenced. Learning and philosophy are precious, but liberty is more precious than either."

Three Determining Periods in the Life of Dwight L. Moody.

By Rev. S. W. Willey.

When he was seventeen years old young Moody left his country home and went to Boston, and found employment in his uncle's shoe store. At his uncle's suggestion he at once joined the Sunday-school connected with the church of which the Rev. Edward N. Kirk was pastor, and was assigned to the class taught by Edward Kimball.

It was not long before his teacher discovered that the young man knew very little about the Bible, but he saw that he was willing to learn, and so he took a decided interest in teaching him. The time came, very soon, that it was evident that the young man was revolving with himself the question of becoming a Christian.

Mr. Kimball took an early opportunity and went to speak with him privately on the subject. He found him alone in the back part of the store, and putting his hand on his shoulder spoke to him of the love of Christ, which they had studied together, and urged him immediately to return that love, and devote his life to the service of Christ.

The interview was very short, but it brought the young man to a decision, and led him at once to begin a Christian life.

This was the first great determining period in the life of that remarkable man. With him it was a whole-hearted transaction from the beginning. In due time he united with the church, and began earnestly the duties of a Christian life, as he understood them.

Not very long after this he went to Chicago and engaged in business there. This was in 1856. He had had some two years' training in Boston, and now wanted a wider field in the newer city of the growing West. He was in splendid health, and full of determination to succeed, and become a wealthy man.

At the same time, he was just as full of Christian enterprise, and immediately joined Plymouth church and entered into its work with surprising zeal. He at once made himself acquainted with the members in the prayer-meeting. He not only hired a pew in church, but filled it with young men whom he persuaded to attend worship. And when he found more than enough to fill one pew, he hired more pews.

As to Sunday-school work, he was full of it. He did not feel competent to be a teacher, so he gave his time to getting together classes for others to teach. By and by he rented a great hall, that would hold twelve or fifteen hundred people, and enlisted able teachers and officers to conduct the school, and he was never satisfied unless the hall was full.

Meanwhile he gradually accustomed himself, of necessity, to more or less public speaking. In this his lack of education was apparent, and somebody suggested to him that it would be well as for him not to speak in public, for his grammar was bad.

"But you have grammar enough," replied Moody, "what are you doing with it for Christ?"

And so he went on for three or four years diligent and thriving in business, but giving his leisure time to the keeping of his Sunday-school full. But he did not see conversions to any great extent.

Just now there was a remarkable occurrence. As he says, "God opened my eyes." There was a class of girls in his Sunday-school that seemed exceptionally thoughtless and frivolous. Their teacher was a gentleman who was thoroughly in earnest to do them good, but he did not seem to gain their attention. One Sunday Mr. Moody received a note from him saying that he was sick and asking him to teach his class. Mr. Moody took the class, but he could do nothing with them. They were so inattentive and frivolous that he was out of patience, and was almost inclined to leave them.

One day, soon after, the teacher came to the store in great trouble, and said to Mr. Moody that the doctors had told him that he must leave Chicago at once, and that he could not bear to do so while his class, which he had taught so long, had none of them been converted.

"Suppose you go and tell them how you feel," said Mr. Moody; "I'll take a carriage and go with you." The teacher gladly consented. They went to one house, and the teacher told the young lady why he had come, and that he could not bear to leave his class to see them no more, and none of them were Christians! There was no laughing then! Mr. Moody, in his account of the interview, says: "The teacher asked me to pray. I had never done such a thing as to ask God to convert a young lady then and there. We prayed, and God answered."

They went to other houses, and similar results followed. "In about ten days," Mr. Moody says, "the teacher came to the store, all radiant with joy, saying, 'The last one has yielded!'" Then he adds, "I called the class together for a farewell to the teacher, for he must leave. Surrounded by his class the teacher read the fourteenth chapter of John, and they sang 'Blest be the tie,' etc., and we knelt to pray. We were just rising when one of the class began to pray for her dying teacher; then another, and another, till all had prayer."

"The next evening," he continues, "I went to the depot to bid the teacher god-bye. A little before train-time one of the class came to see him, and then another, and soon they were all there. What a meeting! They tried to sing, but broke down. The last we saw of him he was standing on the rear car as the train rolled out, pointing upward!"

This experience settled it with Mr. Moody. "O God, let me die," said he, "rather than lose the blessing I have received in connection with the conversion of these young people." He gave up his business, lucrative as it was, and ambitious as he had been to become a rich man, and gave himself wholly to religious work. This was the second determining period in his career.

A few years went by, in which he had succeeded in building up a church. He was conscious all the while how little fitted he was by personal acquirements for his work. But there was in him an intense hunger for spiritual power.

It was now about the year 1871. He was holding meetings continuously, and felt that he was doing good. He noticed two women who attended his meetings and always sat together on the front seat. He could see by the expression of their faces that they were praying. At the close of the service they would say to him, "We have been praying for you." "Why don't you pray for the

people," Mr. Moody said to them. "Because," they replied, "you need the power of the Spirit." "I need the power," Mr. Moody thought with himself, "I thought I had power. These large congregations seem to show it, and there are many conversions. I was in a sense satisfied. But these two women! They set me to thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me. They poured out their hearts in prayer that I might receive the gift of the Holy Spirit in larger measure. There came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry out as I never did before. I really felt that I did not want to live, if I could not have this power of service."

Just now came the great Chicago fire! The city was laid in ashes! Mr. Moody went to New York to raise money. But great as the necessity was, he says: "My heart was not in it." Hunger for the Spirit was still on him.

"Well," he says, in giving an account of it, "one day in New York—I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it—I can only say, God revealed himself to me, and I had such an experience of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand."

As soon as the way opened he went to preaching again. And now, notice the change. He says of it, "The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truth, and yet hundreds were converted." This was the third determining period in his ministry.

From this time on he lived on this new plane of spiritual life and power, till his earthly work was done. These three determining periods in his earlier life seem to be three advancing steps in his preparation for that wonderful ministry which followed.

I make no comment upon them. I only narrate them, as they impressed me, in a careful reading of Mr. Moody's biography. They will be abundantly suggestive to the mind of every reader. They will show that when God wants to call a man to special service, he knows where to find him and he knows how to prepare him. And the whole process may be very different from what man would have planned.

It may be well to remember, too that the resources of Divine Providence are not exhausted. There may be other boys in training for Christian work in the world, as peculiar and as wide-reaching as that of D. L. Moody.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D Parker.

Many have wondered why the risen Lord should go immediately to Galilee. Do we not find in this fact a connection and, we may say, a correspondence, between the earthly life and the life hereafter? Galilee had been the home of Jesus nearly all his earthly life. How naturally his loving heart would yearn again for the scenes of his childhood. A boy went away to college, and to life's work, and was gone many years. When he returned he could not wait for the train to stop, but when it slowed up a little he jumped off and ran across the fields to see his father and mother, and be again in the home of his childhood. It seems very sweet to think that Jesus, after his work was accomplished, even after his body was metamorphosed, should not forget Nazareth, but that his heart should yearn to see again the scenes of his childhood. This implies that there is something very human in the life beyond. How the joys and sorrows of this life shall be recounted and sanctified in heaven!

* * *

Recently the writer heard an eloquent divine preach on Heaven, and he seemed to be brought very near the unseen world. What a cloud of mystery hangs around the Holy City! Still, many things have been revealed. Philosophy teaches that the soul is always related to time and space, and the condition of the metamorphosed body of Christ after the resurrection clearly proves it. Paradise and Heaven are, therefore, separate but closely related places. Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Paradise is the habitation of disembodied spirits awaiting the resurrection. Paradise may be termed the Curing House of souls, where disembodied redeemed spirits are prepared for Heaven, that perfect place. Heaven is the dwelling place of God, where he has his throne, and where he specially manifests himself to his children. The ascended Savior will be seen in Heaven, where there will always be unfoldings of his character and love. Heaven is the eternal abode of the redeemed of all ages, whose garments have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. Heaven contains everything that can administer to the happiness of the children of God. Little children will be found in Heaven, and it is estimated that about fourteen billions of children have died since time began, who have without a doubt gone to Paradise to enter, after the resurrection, the heavenly world. Is it any wonder that the Revelator, in his vision, saw a great multitude which no man could number, standing before the throne? Those who enter heaven must be prepared for it. In a very important sense the kingdom of heaven is within us. Inspired men have seized on the most beautiful and precious symbols of earth to convey to men a conception of heaven, but the apostle, seemingly in despair, in trying to depict heaven, exclaims: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Pomona College.

A sermon preached by the college pastor, Rev. Henry Kingman, at Claremont, on January 27, 1901.

"Thy Kingdom Come." (Matt. vi: 10.)

Men have been using this petition daily now for two thousand years, yet it is only of late that the church, in any large degree, has come to understand what is its breadth of meaning. Men once supposed it meant simply the end of the world—the coming of our Lord in the clouds of heaven to destroy all but the remnant of the faithful, with them to begin a new age. Others have thought it to mean the bringing of all nations into the fold of a nominal Christendom—nominal and largely spurious, as is the Christendom today.

But within the last century, partial views of the significance of this petition have been giving way, as never before, to a broader conception of what the coming of God's kingdom truly means; that coming, I mean, for which we are to pray and strive. Not the coming of our Lord to destroy all incompleteness and imperfection, admitting the colossal failure of the race and starting anew upon a better basis; not simply the saving of men's souls from future loss, or the bringing them to a formal belief in Jesus; not simply the sweeping away of the ethnic religions to make room for a greater Christendom; but—to use Paul's phrase—the "bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." Not the thought concerning God and his relations to us, only, but *all* human thought—in the realms of art and literature and science, of commerce and trade and the innumerable industries of men, of society, of economics, of civil government; the making Jesus king over the minds and activities of human kind; the surrendering to the devil of no smallest segment of the normal life of any portion of

humanity, but the claiming for God, and the bringing into loyalty to him, of every faculty and power and possession that belongs actually or potentially to our race today.

The fulfillment of such a task is at an infinite remove from anything that Christian society has yet attained, but a long step to its achievement has been taken in the mere recognizing of it as a task; not a dream, not an impossibility, but the will of God for his people. And we have come nearer to that will in these three generations past. If you will roughly count up the activities of the church a century ago, the fields of human affairs which she had entered as a determined competitor and as a power to be reckoned with, and compare them with the similar activities of God's church today, you will thank God and take courage. The words, "Thy kingdom come," mean more, then, today than they have ever meant before.

We are determined as Christians that the will of Christ shall dominate in human affairs, and that to this end Christian men and women shall have a dominating influence in their conduct. But in such an age as this, where the struggle for pre-eminence is so keen and where those imperfectly equipped are crowded to the wall, it is more than ever impossible to win this dominating influence without full equipment—the equipment both of general outline and of specialized training. Not the same training or culture for all, of course, but such as shall best fit those who should lead to become leaders in the various lines of work to which they may address themselves; to furnish men and women of intellectual discipline, who shall yet not be ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, but who shall labor and strive, as did Paul, because their hope is set on God; who shall, with all their fitness to cope with this world, yet believe heart and soul that godliness is profitable for all things, and shall still hold humbly to the faith that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

Given such men and women everywhere, in home and field and workshop, in school and college and laboratory, in editor's sanctum and artist's studio and writer's study, in trade and in politics, and as servants of the race in every department of activity, and his kingdom will be coming even with observation. Did the world ever have so many such workers? Yet, how pitiably few among so many! And to meet this need of more laborers in the harvest, for which devout men everywhere cry to God, this Pomona College came into being, for Christ and the Church.

It is not a church, but its life will go on, in years to come, in many churches in which it will be bearing fruit. It is not a missionary organization, but there is good reason to hope that not very long hence its sons and daughters will be found in so-called heathen lands, as some have already led the way. Its chief aim is not to save souls or to promote reforms, but where is there an evangelistic agency more honored, or a power for social or civic improvement more efficient in bringing the day of better things.

It may be that we give largely, in proportion to our means, to foreign missions, or to home or city missions, or to one philanthropic agency or another. Do all of us consider that in this work at our very doors is the sowing of seed for a veritable harvest in every one of those lines of Christian service? As charity begins at home, so the first claim upon our sympathy and our means is that of this Christian work, so close at hand that very familiarity is apt to breed indifference.

We cannot answer that the college exists simply to promote education, not Christianity, and to send out learned men, rather than servants of the world in the spirit of Christ. We cannot say it, because it is not true.

The desire to see more educated men would never have founded this college in the beginning, nor have kept its friends on their path of self-sacrificing devotion for a single year. The world is sick of learned men who have in learning their chief claim upon its gratitude. There have been ages when the learned have used their advantages to domineer over the unlearned, till the world was weary of their pride and dogmatism and tyranny. Intellectual culture without principle, or without love, or even without purpose, is of a very doubtful benefit to needy humanity. Every avenue of political and professional and business life bears witness to the thousands of young men and women sent out yearly from our schools, who have a measure of culture, but who are lacking either in principle, or in the spirit of service, or in controlling purpose.

It is not to send out such as these, or to permit the sending out of such as these, that Pomona exists; but to send out those into whose spirit has been ingrained the thought of their debt to God and to their fellow-men. It stands, not for education, but for Christian education.

We admit that it is a disadvantage to have a library of 5,000 instead of one of 50,000 volumes; to have ill-stocked cabinets and incomplete apparatus, instead of priceless collections and every mechanical accessory of teaching that money can purchase; to have a teaching-staff so scanty that one man is burdened with the work of two—a manifest and conspicuous disadvantage. Yet, if one will weigh the added increment of advantage that would come to any individual student, in these early years of his education, from having an ideally complete instead of an incomplete apparatus, and put it over against the deepening and strengthening and uplifting of character that has been going on in this institution during this last year, such advantage is lighter than the small dust of the balance in the relative part it will play in that student's two score years of service yet to come.

A leading educationist of this country, a devout Christian, wrote this month regarding the problem of his son's education, that he had sent him to Harvard instead of to the local state institution of his own denomination, because as between Harvard and a merely nominal Christian college there was no room for hesitation. Doubtless this was true. But there is nothing nominal about the all-permeating Christian atmosphere of genuine Christianity which characterizes Pomona. It would be possible to reach for other advantages, and to lose this one; still falling far short of the greatest, and yet ceasing to be of the choicest. And of the choicest I believe one may honestly and intelligently count this to be.

It stands for a broad faith.

First, faith in intellectual culture. Not in showy and superficial accomplishments gained through numerous *ad captandum* electives, but, in proud acceptance of an hereditary loyalty to sound education, in an intellectual discipline that shall pave the way for the winning of a true culture of spirit. Thoroughness, honesty, reality, are the tests of such a culture, and in it, thorough, real and honest, we have faith, as true sons of the Puritans.

Second, faith in the worth of a man. No doubt that in our day and generation, even in America, this faith is threatened. We had thought to leave behind us, in the old world, the spirits of snobbishness and of servility. But even though we lack an aristocracy of birth, no man can fail to see how fast there grows upon us a spurious aristocracy of wealth; and faster still, the servility that attends it. The simplicity of some old-world universities —the Scotch, e. g.—where it is no disgrace to be poor, because so many of the poorest are of the most dis-

tinguished, is not maintained in some of our own institutions. One is compelled to see there, side by side, suites of rooms furnished with every luxury for the rich, and the bare lodgings of the poor; and to shape his course and choose his associates in face always of this contrast. And in how many cases is there a great gulf fixed between the two extremes.

Not in all cases, by any means. But the shadows of social inequality and social discord plainly falls right athwart the college life, is projected into it from the social life outside, of which college life is a sort of simulacrum. It does not need to obscure the worth of a man, often does not; but how often the man himself thinks that it does, and how corrosive this conviction is to a sensitive temper. We know how truly this college—faculty, students and community—stands, unhampered by prejudice or favor, for faith in the worth of a man.

And then, for faith in the dignity of life—because a life made for God, linked with God's, and sharing God's burden for humanity. In the face of the frivolousness of much of the life of our California young people, in face of the fashionable indifferentism that certain classes are not ashamed to effect, it is not afraid either of enthusiasms or of a Puritan sternness in accounting with one's self and with one's duties—the sternness of Jesus, because confronting supreme and eternal issues. Not many students can leave our company to fritter away in idleness or in selfish activities this solemn trust from God—a life!

And with and above all, it stands unhesitatingly, uncompromisingly, for faith in Jesus Christ. Its very establishment was that to him, the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, there might be honor, and glory. And no man or woman can spend here four years without coming in contact with this faith and high devotion. To how many lives, in these last years, has this faith and devotion spread, so that they now are trophies, to his glory and honor.

Seek to garner up in thought the harvest of this single decade of the infancy of Pomona College. The men and women who have gone out into this world with lives enriched and ennobled, quite metamorphosed, in many cases, and with the purpose of leaving this world the better for their living. Think not only of the work they are doing and to do, and which till the very end will bear the stamp of their training here, but of the homes they will found, and of the second generation which in them will grow up to like ideals of life and duty. Here is a harvest, for such a scanty sowing in the day of small things.

Today the college comes to us frankly as a petitioner. Her needs—the need of money even for current expenses, the very life-blood of an institution—are so evident that nothing need be said here regarding them. Upon some of us they might be urged even from the point of view of self-interest, because the welfare of this community is so intertwined with hers. And more strongly intertwined than ever was the case before, because she is more surely rooted in our midst.

Nothing can so conduce to the permanency of a college's location as the frank advocacy of such a policy of consolidation with other institutions as might possibly involve its removal. Until such a project has been suggested, and its practicability thoroughly discussed, removal is always a contingency possible because hitherto unsuggested and untried. Any one of several conditions may bring it forward, and at any time, because its practicability is an open question. But to have canvassed the possibility of such a consolidation only to have it deliberately negatived, by the refusal of such other institutions to entertain it, so that the whole question becomes, as the President's last report pronounces it, a dead issue—this is to have rooted an institution anew in its original soil. So, for better or for worse, we of Pomona and Claremont have this great work committed to our loyalty afresh.

But the appeal of this present need is not to consider self-interest, but the work for God and God's world which the college manifestly has done, more manifestly is doing, and most manifestly is yet to do. The call for help is not less insistent because we may be able to help but little. It is a call for aid, to the edge, or over the edge, of sacrifice. Some may smile grimly at this word, whose lives have been for years one long struggle and sacrifice on the college's behalf. But that is just the edge and point of the appeal to us who may be enjoying the fruit of their sacrifice, in which yet we have never shared, because we have never given to the point of feeling the burden which has weighed on them so heavily.

We, at least, cannot make a gift to our God for this cause, of that which costs us nothing. For truly it is to him the gifts are to be made, as a prayer, and a partial answer to the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Saratoga's Blossom Festival.

The Improvement Association of our village have voted unanimously to invite our friends about the Bay to another Blossom Festival. The memory of our first experiment last year is very pleasant. We are feeling ourselves as if an outing would do us good, as if an inspiring holiday such as our Campbell friends observed on the 22d might be an inspiration. We do not remember when rain has shut us in so much as this winter. We are good Californians enough, if not Christians, to welcome the rain! We remember the drouth and its anxieties. Some of us would be glad if our little village would enter into this festival as devoutly and piously as the little Bavarian village of Oberammagau does into the famous Passion Play. That is a religious service and therefore holds on in its power and usefulness. What an education it has been to the generations since 1634, when the village made a vow that they would celebrate the death of Christ for mankind by a Passion Play every decade if heaven would avert from them a threatening plague. The leading motive in this Blossom Festival is religious. They chiefly promote it who, when November comes, obey the proclamation of a Christian President who calls for devout Thanksgiving for harvest. The well moistened earth ought to push out a wilderness of blossoms. They have already come generously on the almonds. The apricots are telling of the forces at work on their roots. Probably, by the 20th of March, as last year, the white sea of prune blossoms will be at their perfection and they who come will have a feast for their highest senses of sight and smell unsurpassed on God's earth. This is preliminary notice and invitation. Cards and circulars will be sent out in due time. The railroad friends do not need entreaty. Their courtesies will be prompt and generous. The horsemen are preparing teams. The flower ladies are naming their committees. The good women with gifts for preparing dinners are modestly yielding leadership one to the other, but evidently mean to combine to make entertainment ample. It has been decided that three hundred are as many as our teams can comfortably carry and as many as our modest hall will seat for dinner. This will not limit the railroad train to that number. The valley anywhere is beautiful when blos-

soms are at their best. It is also expected that we can give our friends a longer ride, receiving some at Santa Clara and dismissing them at Los Gatos, while those who come to Los Gatos can be taken to Santa Clara for the return trip. Rain has not diluted our Congress water, nor weakened our coffee, nor washed out our enthusiasm. Come, brethren and friends, with sisters and sweethearts, and have a happy day among the blossoms. You have done a good winter's work, closing a great century and opening a greater one, and it will do you good to take a holiday. Just as much as your faith leads you, ask him who gives sunshine and rain to give us the best weather for our purpose to get together and praise him. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

The Prune Excitement.

Our country has been having a great prune excitement. If churches held as many meetings as the fruit combine has and ministers talked as excitedly and hotly as growers and packers of fruit have the corner grocery philosophers and newspaper critics would warn us against unhealthy excitement. The excitement is really wholesome. The effort to keep prices up to a living rate for the grower and put the good fruit on consumers' tables at fair price for him is commendable. It is also worth while to insist upon clean and careful handling of fruit, which we offer to others or eat ourselves. To one who studies Californians with an interest that is pastoral, loyal and affectionate, it has been interesting to see four-fifths of a great company of nearly twenty-five hundred contractors vote new power to representatives whom they have duly elected, but have also distrusted and criticised. We know we are an independent go-as-you-please State. Yet, more than eighteen hundred fruit-growers have been convinced by the stern logic of facts and the voices of the best trusted men that "their combination must be stronger or the tumble in the price of prunes will put one of the fairest valleys of earth into bankruptcy."

Say I, while men are trying to make money and markets for the sake of money, he who sits upon the circle of the heavens, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers, is aiming to make men "high-minded men." I mark up in my respect and hope my fellow-citizens, editors, fruit-growers and packers, and salesmen for wholesome agitation and brave action these late weeks.

Good to Live in the Country.

You would feel so too if you had attended the celebration of Washington's birthday at Campbell. Sunshine after rain made the atmosphere clear, clean and delightful. Crowds of wholesome, happy people were there. Dinner was a great function in the Ainsley Cannery, served by the nobility, gentry and queens of Campbell's "four hundred." I am not fond of public dances, but I never saw young people look happier or behave more decorously. All but the kid who threw stones on the rattling corrugated roof while Professor Smith was pleading for the "American Boy," and punctuated a good speech and threatened to puncture the roof. Judge Myrick almost made it seem as if Washington, Lincoln, and John Marshall had just drawn their goodness directly from the ground as surely as Chevalier Barley does. "To make California safe" was his plea, that we emulate the thrift, honor and patriotism of these great commoners. I mentally marked up my home holdings, after President McClish, Rev. Hanson and our beloved Doctor Windsor had told us of "True Greatness," and illustrated what they meant by George Washington and kindred great Americans. If we can make such a program for our Blossom Fete as our enterprising neighbors had and heaven will vouchsafe us as perfect a day, life will be better with living and we will not only mark up our real estate, but our growing and happy manhood.

The Mills College Opportunity.

We have had many an occasion to speak words of congratulation concerning Mills College. It has been a great satisfaction to see that while institutions not few, planted in the interest of Christian education here have had their day, one at least has not ceased to be; on the contrary, it has gathered every year strength, beauty and promise. The Trustees of this one institution have made the opening month of the century a fit and special occasion for a forward movement. In fact, since 1871, when Dr. and Mrs. Mills began their educational work at Seminary Park, there have been no years during which the movement has not been forward. The progress down to the present moment has been vitally connected, of course, with the life and deeds of the personal founders.

Even now, it is probably difficult to think of the work going on in those halls apart from their presence. But it was by no means their ambition to establish a school of a private description. Rather they were inspired to build one on foundations which should endure when they themselves should have passed away. So nearly a quarter of a century ago the entire plant and property—a magnificent one worth at least $250,000—was deeded outright to a Board of Trust for the education of the women of California. Into it have now gone not only these notable money values, the fruit of their wisdom and thrifts, but what is beyond price, the personal character and life of the veteran teachers.

With the beginning of the present year the surviving President, after thirty years of such teaching, has made over to the same Board other property valued at $200,000. Such a record as this should be the pledge of great things to come from men and women here who have the same great interests at heart. We remember the remark of a foremost citizen of California on coming comparatively late into our commonwealth. In building his home here, he said, he would choose to buy back into some earlier citizen's past and thus repay the benefit which nature and man had been rendering the State before he came. Others had labored where he would lovingly enter into their labors. There is an ample oportunity at Mills College to realize such a desire. Who will build themselves into the structure which has been already so well begun? And it is pleasant to remember that whoever shall carry forward this high endeavor will enter not only into the work which was commenced in 1871, but into that which was wrought in 1865-71 at Benicia: into that, indeed, which Miss Atkins wrought in the same place in the still earlier years of our California educational life.

Since the great expansion of the school system of our State and the uprising of the two greater universities the ideas of both educators and people have been enlarged. We have come to know very well that whatever is done now in founding or maintaining anything deserving the name of higher education must be done on a worthy scale. The standard must be high. The equipment and endowment must be correspondingly full. The trustees point us to what has been so generously given and wrought at Seminary Park. What is to be wrought yet there must be as generous. In order for this college to take and keep rank with Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, Smith, or Vassar, it should receive, they tell us, $500,000 additional funds, to establish chairs of instruction and to supply adequate buildings, facilities and instrumentalities.

On these men and women constituting the Board rests a delicate and grave responsibility. May they administer their trust with the Christian loyalty and fidelity, and with no small measure of the practical ability, which sent the succession into which they have come. We bespeak for them wide co-operation. M.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Lesson X. March 10, 1901.

Matt. xxvi: 57-68.

"Holy, Harmless, Undefiled," separate from sinners and made higher than the heavens."

Back to the city, across the ravine, up the steep hillside, through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, the brutal captors lead their unresisting Victim to the palace of the high priest. There the Roman soldiers, gladly rid of their irksome task, give over their prisoner to the temple police and return to quarters.

Their coming had been expected, though probably not so soon; and it would seem by previous arrangement Jesus was hurried at once into the apartments of Annas, father-in-law of Caiaphas—a bold, mad, unscrupulous man, who had previously held the office of high priest, and who had never ceased to exert a baleful influence over his successors. Down in the court, around a fire, were gathered the rest of the guards and the hangers-on of the palace. And across the court was the dwelling of Caiaphas who, for that year, "held down" the desecrated office of God's high priest. Within those apartments were probably gathered a portion of the Sanhedrin, waiting to learn as to the success of their plots.

And now let us stand where we may look upon the august sufferer, while we seek to trace the fast following events of that night of awful significance.

* * * * * * * *

"Trial of Jesus," this has sometimes been called. But the term is a misnomer. It was an inquisition, but not a trial. It was the lawless usurpation of the forms of law, by a robber band, who had already decreed the death of their Victim, and who had dragooned their Roman masters into the servile execution of their behests.

It began with Annas, who, fired with rage, aggravated by Christ's recent interference with the ungodly traffic in the temple, had not unlikely been the leading spirit in the apprehension of Jesus. By him, and by his myrmidons, it has been thought, occurred the series of savage insult and outrage narrated by St. John (xviii: 19-23). Thence, still bound like a desperate criminal, he is sent to Caiaphas and his fellow-conspirators. One sorrowful, loving glance, the Master bent, in passing upon the recreant disciple who made one of the group around the fire, only a look, but it detached him from his base surroundings, and sent him into the early morning twilight to wash away his sin in penitential tears. And then came the fresh inquisition, and renewed indignities, which are recorded by St. Matthew (Matt. xxvi: 59-68). And these a little later by the action of the full Sanhedrin (Luke xxii: 66-71), which delivered him, condemned so far as they had power to do it to the civil power—all ending, in the condign defeat of the inquisitors, and the victory of their prisoner. From first to last the death of Jesus was treated by them as a political necessity, predetermined and pursued with vindictive cruelty.

But what was the real outcome of these machinations, as regarded Jesus? First, a demonstration of

His Sinless Humanity.

The vindication, thus secured, was of immense value, from whatever point we view him. Simply as a member of society it was a testimony to his goodness, which it thrills the heart to read. Those hostile critics, animated by bitterest hate, and with his whole life to peer into—a life which, far beyond most, was lived in the open, ready, moreover, to go to any lengths, honorable or infamous, to prove him false—were foiled at every point; and were finally reduced to a charge, which has made them the laughing stock of the ages.

Such a record is beyond price. Occasionally—not often—we meet with a man who dares to lay bare his whole past, inviting scrutiny, confident that nothing unworthy of his manhood shall be found. But even the most consciously true might shrink from such an ordeal as that to which Jesus was subjected. And it would seem to have been a principal reason for God's allowance of the "temptation," to bring the spotlessness of Jesus' character into distinctest relief. It was the vindication of his personal, daily, conduct which was thus secured; a vindication which could not so clearly be developed through inquiry conducted by the Roman governor.

In the case of Jesus, moreover, there were special reasons why such vindication was important.

(1) His own chosen designation, "Son of Man," suggests one of these. He was humanity's ideal, humanity's champion. He came into the world, not merely to reveal God, but to restore "the image of God" in man; to exhibit the true manhood, under the various conditions and experiences of life. Mankind had lost this ideal; it was for Jesus to recover it by living it out in the sight of the world. All this was involved in his "becoming flesh and dwelling among men." It was essential to his mission, therefore, that he should be able, triumphantly, to demand, "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" And the straits to which his foes were reduced and the dire defeat which overtook all their efforts to prove him a sinner were the strongest possible demonstration of his absolute goodness.

(2) The Champion of humanity was also its High Priest. As such he was man's representative before God. This was the distinction between the prophetic and the priestly office. The prophet was appointed to speak for God to men, the priest to plead man's cause with God. This was emphatically the office of the high priest. Every such one, "being taken from among men, is appointed for men, in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins." Remission of sins and restoration to the family of God, in other words, were the high priests' distinctive function. It centered on two points—sacrifice and prayer. The two are indeed in the last analysis one; every sacrifice was an acted prayer. Every sacrifice, also, was essentially that of the offerer; of the people, as represented by the priest; of the priest as embodied in the animal. This substitution of the animal was simply a concession to earthly conditions. The sacrificial idea being not merely the surrender of life but its recovery, the priest's death must be delegated to his representative, he himself bearing away from every sacrificial altar his own and his people's life, freshly redeemed and restored.

Out of this grew the imperative demand for perfectness, physical and moral, in both victim and priest. And thus, for humanity's "great High Priest, Jesus, the Son of God," it was absolutely essential that he should be "holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens." Such was he, blessed be his Name! His whole life was sacrificial, as well as that astounding event in which it culminated. And all,

not less than Calvary, breathed the Champion's prayer for a sinful world. Hence the imperative demand for sinless perfection. Hence, too, may be seen, the value of this inquisition by members of his own nation, familiar with every detail of his life, sharply critical, and undeterred in their probing by any considerations of humanity. This, too, is the probative value of all those distressful accessories of that iniquitous transaction of official Judaism—the uncalled-for indignities, the coarse and brutal insults, the shameful abuse and outrageous violence which hatred, flaming into rage, dared to inflict upon that patient sufferer; and not less the treason of one, the weak denial by another, the inconstancy of all, his disciples. All were as facets, reflecting from different angles the living light from him, its source and perfect human embodiment.

His Inherent Divinity.

All this, moreover, needs to be held in conscious clearness, as we face that in which the unspeakable grandeur of this travesty of justice emerges in Christ's sublime assertion of his inherent deity. He had not been used to parade this. His previous life indeed shows a truly wonderful reticence on the point. "He emptied himself" of divinity, in the apostle's striking phrase, in becoming man. He never called it into exercise during his earthly life, and only rarely and cautiously did he disclose the fact under conditions peculiarly favorable.

So now he maintained unbroken silence, while wicked men made sport of him and lying lips sought to convict him. Not until the high priest, startled out of his cynical scorn, baffled in his nefarious attempts to trap this Galilean reformer and carried beyond all self-control by maniacal passion, hurled at him the solemn adjuration which put any prisoner under oath, did Jesus speak. For the high priest was God's official representative; and when, with uplifted hand, he demanded in the name of the living God whether Jesus were the Son of God, the aspect of the inquiry changed at once. And the answer came like an avenging bolt from heaven, "I am." And, coupled with this, there was the declaration that Caiaphas and his fellow-conspirators should yet be apprised of this under conditions which would forbid denial or skepticism.

No wonder that the guilty man, in affected indignation and real terror, tore his robe and charged Jesus with blasphemy. No wonder that the panic-stricken assembly hastened to confirm the verdict and to pronounce the sentence of death. They could not have done otherwise without abandonment of their case or self-stultification, for the issue was plain and clearly made. Either the claim was valid and he who stood before them was incarnate Deity; or he was a shameless blasphemer, and, by Jewish law, deserving of death. The whole question, with its tremendous implications, turned solely on the Word of Jesus. His assertion had just so much value as there was in his word; and his word rested for its authority upon his life. And so we come back again to the real significance of this inquisition by the high priest and his court and the real value of the test, heart-rending as it was in its external features. It all serves to set the perfect integrity of Jesus in the clearest possible light; to justify the confidence we repose in him as none other than "God manifest in flesh," and to reassert the strong consolation which they have who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel of the atoning Savior.

The times that make us weakest and that force our weakness most upon us, and make us know how weak we are, those are our coronation days.—Phillips Brooks.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Good D.

A Castaway. (I Cor. ix: 24-27.)

Topic for March 10th.

(Temperance Meeting.)

"Fit for the Master's use" is a phrase which has become more than familiar in our Christian Endeavor gatherings. "For the Master's use made meet," we sing. How many of us have gone back of the hymn to the truth it represents? Ambition to be something, to do something in the world, or to rise to some position of influence and power during our lifetime, is as natural to us as our appetitie for food. But have we really taken it into our recognition that the very highest point to which any human being can rise is that condition of mind and body which renders him best fitted to be used of Jesus Christ in perfecting this world? Having our own way, making our mark, carving our own fortune, rising by our own energies and pluck, are ideas with which the average American youth is greeted as he appears upon the stage. It is a wonder that he does not come out of it all with much more bombast and self-importance than actually does afflict him.

* * *

Self-reliance is a good thing, but Christ-reliance is far better. There is a vast difference between the two. The latter takes all that is worth keeping in the former and gives it all its final value. We are apt to think that a very great thing happened to this world when we appeared upon the scene. But the real fact is when you and I introduced ourselves to the population of this earth, the world was very much more important to us than we were to the world at that stage of our career. If you want an object lesson in this line, go and look at the latest arrival in your neighborhood, and decide whether that delightful but helpless bundle of humanity can get on without the world better than the world can get on without it for the present. Watch that newcomer for about twenty years and see if it does not take about all there is in the world, and the very best of it too, to make the youth worth much in any event.

* * *

If you keep on thinking you will conclude that the question at the last will be, not how much he has made out of the world, but coming to a world full of material and opportunities and stimulus, what has this individual done to lift the world up and along. It is not a very great thing for an ox to grow fat and sleek if he is turned into a field knee-high with bunch-grass. If he doesn't spend his energy in pawing the earth, breaking down the fences and roaming in forbidden pastures, he is very sure to become a candidate for the fair, without much indebtedness to his pedigree, either. It is not very much more creditable for a man to be turned into this world in this twentieth century, with all its industries, halls of education, high sentiment and mutual good-will, and do a very fair thing for himself. It is high time now that men and women ought to be ashamed by regiments and brigades to live in this world a lifetime without making their entire track from the door of entrance to the door of exit shine and glow with a helpful impulse and push of their presence.

* * *

Do you not think a person is quite certain to be rejected, a castaway our topic puts it, who lives in these days chiefly thinking about growing fat upon the good things of this earth in which he finds himself alive, educated, trained, and with his hands full of opportunities? God has not made your soul a sponge. It is a living

thing of power which Jesus compares to a fruit-bearing tree. Among the last echoing words of our Lord are these: "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear much fruit, and that your fruit should abide!" This word of our Christ, coming from the shadow of the Cross, ought to make every young man and woman ashamed of an impulse merely to make, pile up, absorb and grow fat, using the divine power with which we are born to compel the world to minister to our selfishness!

* * *

But if it is to be otherwise with us, and we are to nerve ourselves to strike down the wrong and plant in this earth the righteousness of God, we must begin by keeping the body under. Not only in athletics, but in the Christian career, the value of our efforts depends not a little upon good digestion and clear thinking and sound sleeping. Temperance is a larger subject than the question of morals. It is a matter of sense, of honesty and of calm calculation. I have no right to invite or to expect the Holy Spirit to make a temple of a body of which I am careless. Why should I not be rejected if I endanger the powers of my body by indulgences? Why should I pray for my soul, and leave out of the account the physical conditions which so modify the operations of my spirit? It is because the highest life I can live is that in which Jesus works through me upon this world, that I find the strongest motive to keep my body in the best conditions of health and vigor. Preaching or praying, or whatever, I am in danger of being rejected, unless my body is kept as sacredly as my soul, "fit for the Master's use."

Woman's Board.

The next quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held March 6th, Wednesday, at Plymouth church, San Francisco (on Post, between Buchanan and Webster. Sutter-street cars go within a block). Sessions at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Lunch will be served at 15 cents each, the proceeds going to the missionary society of Plymouth church.

We wish that a good many ladies would plan to be present all day, and that the social hour might be a factor in promoting acquaintance and good-fellowship among the ladies of all our churches. The program in the afternoon will be of special interest—an address by Rev. G. Milton Gardner of Foochow, China, another by Miss Lucy E. Case, who sails for Japan March 7th, and a paper by Mrs. Frederick Burke on "Ponape—Past and Present." We very much wish that some of the smaller churches would invite the Board to hold these meetings with them; the information and inspiration it would bring to the women would compensate—would they not?—for the trouble.

If any one who reads this notice has not already done her utmost to increase the Twentieth Century Fund, please do it at once; if you, or those to whom you go, cannot give twenty dollars, or ten, or five, cannot you, or they, give at least one? Every addition is welcome, and may be sent to Mrs. S. M. Dodge, 1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland, or may be brought to the meeting.

Celia F. Peck, Pres. W. B. M. P.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones" (Prov. xvii: 22). Be cheerful always, in the home and away from it; "look on the bright side," and cultivate a desire to make others happy, and happiness will not be a stranger to you.

The Nutritive Value of the Cereals.

The old saying, "Bread is the staff of life," does not hold true of the snow white loaf on which the American housekeeper prides herself. One who depends on that alone leans on a broken reed. It has been estimated that while a man can exist for an indefinite time upon whole wheat bread, fed exclusively upon white bread he would die from starvation in from three to nine weeks. To those who have a great variety of food it probably matters little what kind of bread is eaten; but in families where bread is the staple article of diet, it matters very much whether it be made of the whole wheat or chiefly of the starch contained in the grain.

In wheat the Creator has given us a perfect grain, one wonderfully adapted to the needs of man. It is the richest in protein of all the cereals; but in our desire for a fine white flour we have compelled the miller to reject a large portion of this life-giving ingredient. Dr. Nicholas, editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, says: "I entertain the profoundest respect for a grain of wheat. It is the most marvelous combination of substances admirably adapted for the building up and sustenance of the tissues of the human body." Dr. W. C. Abbott writes in a medical journal: "Among the foods we eat the cereals easily take the first rank. In fact, when properly utilized, they offer the elements of the most perfect nutrition. Modern chemistry has shown that the fifteen or more elements in the human body are also found in about the same proportions in a kernal of ripe wheat."

We Americans, so rich in our vast wheat fields, have refused the best part of the grain and become a nation of starch eaters. Even college students, who should know better, have been heard to speak scornfully of whole wheat bread as made of "mill-sweepings"; and it is seldom that any but white bread is found upon the tables of the poor. This is no doubt partly due to the fact that whole wheat bread is generally considered more difficult to make. There are now, however, whole wheat flours on the market which the ground nearly as fine as white flour, and which can as easily be made into a light loaf. Most children can be taught to like this. One mother gave whole wheat bread as a special luxury to her children, till they begged for it for their school lunches. Another, whose little girl preferred white bread, tried the plan of making dainty sandwiches, using one slice of white and one of whole wheat bread. The taste once acquired is, so far as I know, never lost.

In Europe dark whole meal breads are much more common than in America. The royal family of Sweden are said to eat the dark rye bread of the people; and no German, however high his rank, is above eating his schwartzbrod and pumpernickel. Dr. W. Gilman Thompson quotes with approval the saying that the quality of bread used by the inhabitants of any country is a fair measure of their civilization. Dietary studies made in three different college clubs in Connecticut, Tennessee and Missouri, show in each a deficiency in protein and an excess of fats and carbohydrates, a fault which might be remedied in part, at least, by the use of whole wheat bread. A prominent scientist says: "We can not tell of what the American student is capable till he is properly fed." Why pay so much more attention to the diet of an athlete than to that of a scholar?

In Missouri in 1895 the United States Department of Agriculture collected special statistics showing the kind of bread used by 282 families living in 74 different counties. These may be considered representative of the entire state. The results as tabulated show that more than half the "bread" used was in the form of corn bread, or

biscuit made from wheat flour but not fermented, and presumably hot. In farmers' families only 30 per cent was raised bread; in the families of mechanics and business men, little over forty per cent. My companion during a summer tour in England and Scotland was a Southern girl who seemed to miss no home luxury so much as the hot biscuit which in America formed a part of her daily diet, and which we never saw in the old country. Freshly baked bread is much less digestible than stale bread, for the reason that it tends to form a tenacious mass in the mouth, which is not readily mingled with the saliva or other digestive secretions. Stale bread, on the other hand, crumbles into small particles which are easily masticated and acted upon by the digestive fluids. In the crust of bread, which has been more heated than the interior, much of the starch is changed to dextrin, which is more soluble and believed to be more digestible. The same change occurs in toasting bread. Therefore it is generally recommended for a weak digestion.

Among the cereals oatmeal stands next to wheat in nutritive value, and contains more protein than wheat flour. This and the various preparations made from wheat now in use, form excellent breakfast dishes.

Macaroni is a valuable food. It is manufactured from wheat flour from which the starch has been in part removed, and hence contains a relatively larger proportion of protein. Sir Henry Thompson says that, "weight for weight, it may be regarded as not less valuable for flesh-making purposes in the animal economy than beef or mutton. Most people can digest it more easily and rapidly than meat; it offers, therefore, an admirable substitute for meat, particularly for lunch or midday meals." Combined with cream, butter or cheese, it makes an almost perfect food. It is very economical food, and it is a pity that the art of cooking it is not more generally understood in this country. It is estimated that one pound of macaroni in the crude state makes three pounds cooked, and that half a pound is sufficient for one person at a meal.

Rice constitutes the staple food of a majority of the human family. It is said that in Asia a large part of the population consume annually 275 pounds per head. It contains more starch than any other cereal. It is easily digested when properly cooked; but being deficient in protein, should be accompanied by some form of animal food. We possess in wheat the most excellent of cereals; but if we continue to reject the better portion of it, we deserve to sink to the level of the rice-eating races.—Emily Tolman.

Verbeck of Japan.

The story of Verbeck's work in and for Japan is too long to be more than hinted at here. The point to which we wish to direct special attention, however, is this: that although God did not call the Moravian Church to establish a mission in Japan, yet he permitted her to prepare for his work, in large measure, the man who should exercise a foremost influence among the makers of the New Japan.

Guido Herman Fridolin Verbeck was born in the house known as "the Koppel," in Zeist, Holland, January 23, 1830. His parents were Lutherans, but his grandfather had been a Moravian, leaving the Church in which he was born in order to marry Dorothea Elizabeth Henning, as the rules of the Moravians at that time (and unfortunately in Germany even yet) required. Verbeck's father, Carl Verbeck, in 1818 married Ann Kellermann, of Italian descent. By many ties, however, Guido Verbeck was bound to the Moravians. The family name is common in the Moravian churches of Germany to this day. From childhood he attended the services of the Moravians in Zeist, and was confirmed and admitted to the communion in their church. His education was received in the boys' school at Zeist, where he learned to love the Savior, and where he likewise imbibed the missionary spirit.

In 1852 Verbeck left Holland, and was met in New York by the Rev. Otto Tank, formerly a Moravian missionary in Surinam, who induced him to embark in the new enterprise at Tanktown, near Greenbay, Wis., where Tank was endeavoring to build up a model town. Verbeck's ability as an engineer was to be employed in building steamboats. The enterprise failed, and Verbeck's experiences in Wisconsin and in Arkansas, where he became dangerously ill, were disheartening.

Meanwhile his early desire to become a missionary reasserted itself, and on the advice of his brother-in-law, the Rev. George Van Deurs, Verbeck entered the theological seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church at Auburn, N. Y., in 1856. One of the friends who promised him assistance was the late William E. Dodge. While at the seminary he was married to Miss Maria Manion, who proved a worthy helpmeet to him throughout his busy life. Though now no longer a Moravian, Verbeck never ceased to be in spiritual fellowship with the Brethren's Church, and loved to acknowledge his indebtedness to it for the early training he had received at its hands. This he did in a public address in our church at Zeist a few years before his death.

Called now as missionary to Japan, he, with his wife, and several others, sailed from New York in the ship *Surprise*, May 7, 1859.

All that follows is the record of a noble life spent ungrudgingly in the service of God and man. Dr. Griffis admirably sketches Verbeck's services as teacher, preacher, missionary, diplomat, and translator. To few men has it been given to render larger service to God in a heathen land. His great ability was backed by consummate good sense, by the patience to wait on God, by an abiding faith in Christ's power to overcome all opposition, and by a natural courtesy of manner which won the hearts of the Japanese.

Though Verbeck had forfeited his rights as a Hollander by making application to become an American citizen, he did not remain in the United States long enough to acquire citizenship here. Nor could a foreigner become a citizen of Japan. Hence he was a man without a country. But Japan honored him as she has honored no other foreigner. He was decorated by the emperor, given a passport which practically entitled him to all the rights of citizenship in Japan, and when he died, on March 10, 1898, the emperor insisted upon bearing the funeral expenses, and since then the Japanese have erected a monument over his grave, and the city of Tokio has deeded the burial lot to his family.

This biography forms one of the romances of missions. We commend it to the study of all those interested in the spread of Christ's Kingdom, more especially yet to those who delight in tracing the influence which God has permitted the Moravian Church to exercise beyond the boundaries of its own fold.

VERBECK OF JAPAN: A Citizen of No Country.—A Life Story of Foundation Work Inaugurated by Guido Fridolin Verbeck. By William Elliot Griffis, author of "The Mikado's Empire," "The Religions of Japan," "The American in Holland," etc. Pages 376, 8 by 5¼ inches. Price, $1.50. Published by Revell at $1.50. **Sold at $1.20 (by mail, $1.35), by the Methodist Book Concern, 1037 Market Street (between 6th and 7th), San Francisco.**

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The semi-annual barrel opening occurs Friday evening. Rev. C. R. Brown will speak.

Santa Cruz.—Sunday, February 17th, the Sunday-school attendance was larger than for many years before. The school is attempting to reach the 300 mark.

Oakland, First.—The church made an extra offering for Home Missions, amounting to $810.75. This will bring its total contribution up to the amount asked by the committee. Six new members were received at the Oak Chapel branch, four on confession. The Sunday-school gave the children a stereopticon entertainment with moving pictures, which was greatly enjoyed by the boys and girls.

San Francisco, Park.—The pastor, Rev. Vernon Jones, preached eloquent and impressive sermons; in the morning, on "The Works of God Making Glad the Hearts of Men," and in the evening, on "Lessons from the Wreck of the 'Rio Janeiro.'" The attendance has fully doubled since Mr. Jones took charge of the work; the Sunday-school is steadily increasing, and the Christian Endeavor Society has been revivified, the meetings being larger and more spiritual than for months past. A Ladies' Aid Society has been organized and is entering heartily into the work of the church, and all the varied activities of the church have taken on new life under the lead of the pastor and Mrs. Jones, who have won the hearts of the congregation and enthused them with some of their fervor and zeal for the Lord's work.

Southern California.

Perris.—The church has been very fortunate in securing the service of Mr. Revel France, an accomplished musician, to take charge of the musical part of the church services. Congregational singing at the evening service has proven very beneficial and attractive. The evening audience crowds the seating capacity of the church. The pastor, Rev. G. F. Mathes, has just concluded his series of lectures on "The Life of Christianity." The attention and interest with which the lectures were received was indeed very gratifying to both pastor and people. The church rejoices over the favorable prospects of the future.

Los Angeles First.—Washington's birthday was made the occasion for a Martha Washington social by the ladies of the First church. But the 252 plates fell far short of the demand for places. The walls of the rooms were festooned with flags, including the largest one in the city, loaned by Gen. Otis, which covered the entire end of the largest room. The after dinner program was short enough to be good and good enough to have been longer. Those who presided at each of the eighteen tables were dressed in Colonial costumes. The special feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Walter F. Skeele of a Grove's Musical Dictionary and a large cut glass salad bowl, as a token of appreciation of his services as organist during the past five years. This was followed by the adoption of fitting resolutions by the manner of the Chautauqua salute. The congregations are very large this winter. The Christian Endeavor Society makes its presence felt, especially in the evening service. A course of Sunday evening sermons, on Five Problems before young people, by the junior pastor, Rev. Wm. Horace Day, is wakening special interest. The mid-week meeting is also the center of lively interest. This church is feeling the new impulse given by the associate pastorate, in which father and son are working heartily together. On a recent Sunday morning, after a sermon by the Senior Pastor, Dr. Day, on "The Strong Helping the Weak," one of the largest contributions to the Congregational Home Missionary Society for many years was made.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. J. P. Dickson has resigned as pastor of Bethlehem church in this city, the resignation to take effect the last of March.

The Rev. William Kelley, pastor of the Lutheran church of Oakland, will address the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting next Monday; subject, "The Bible in the Pulpit."

Rev. C. E. Chase writes from Keno, Nevada: "New friends of The Pacific in Reno, secured through the influence of Mr. Greeley, speak highly of the paper, and will do what they can to increase its circulation."

The pastor at Santa Cruz writes: "We had a splendid lecture Friday evening of last week by the Rev. William Rader on 'Rambles in Europe.' He is a number one lecturer. Our people liked him exceedingly. Mr. Hatch gives the next and last lecture of the course."

The Pacific theological Seminary property on which the Seminary buildings are located, has been sold as a site for the Merritt hospital for Oakland. The Seminary has secured a location in Berkeley, near the University, in the block in which the Presbyterian church is situated. On the lots secured there is a building containing forty rooms. Possession is to be given in July.

Though of but a few weeks' duration, the service of Rev. F. N. Greeley, as acting pastor of our church in Reno, was of great benefit, both to the church and community. Mr. Greeley's health does not permit him to become a settled pastor, but as a ready helper in time of need, he is a most useful minister of the gospel, filling an important place in the work of the churches.

The Honolulu Friend for February says, concerning Miss Eliza Talcott: "This able and experienced missionary has spent several months in earnest and vigorous work among the Japanese in these Islands, including many weeks both on Hawaii and on Maui. She is now about to sail for her old field of labor in Japan." Of another devoted missionary The Friend says: "Miss Dudley of the Japan Mission has also just given Honolulu friends another glimpse of her pleasant face. Several earnest Christian women in Hawaii are bearing good fruit of former training by both of these noble and capable teachers."

The First church of Oakland began last week with the following subjects for prayer-meeting: 1st, "Books That Have Helped Me"; 2d, "Hymns That Have Helped Me"; 3d, "Sermons That Have Helped Me"; 4th, "Men Who Have Helped Me." The pastor is preaching a series of eight sermons on the general theme "Common Sense in Religion." The special topics are: "The Common Sense Idea of Religion, "The Common Sense View of Man," "The Common Sense View of Salvation," "The Common Sense Belief about the Bible," "The Common Sense Idea of Prayer," "The Common Sense View of Christian Brotherhood," "The Common Sense View of Heaven and Hell." Last Sunday evening the "Common Sense View about the Bible" was presented.

The statistical tables for our churches in the State of California are awaiting returns from only two or three

belated churches. The summaries are not completed in time to appear in this week's issue, but it may be said that the figures do not show much advance over those of 1899. There is a net gain of five churches, but the membership of our 208 churches scarcely rises above eighteen thousand three hundred. There have been over two thousand admissions, but the losses keep close company with the gains. When in a single year, besides those who have died and been dismissed to other churches, over seven hundred are dropped from the roll, it is not strange that our churches do not make a net gain of over three hundred. The net gain in Northern and Central California is about one hundred; in Southern California, 200. The total membership in the former Association is, in round numbers, 11,000; in the latter 7,300. The additions upon confession have been respectively 487 and 407.

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Sunday-school Missionary Johnson has just returned to his home at Spokane after making a month's tour in the southern part of Northern Idaho, or what is becoming to be known as the Grangeville country. He reports actual need of missionary work and urgent calls for Congregational preaching in many places. At Clarkstown, near Lewiston, the Congregational element is strong. If Rev. Chas. La Porte, who preached for two years, and had a Sunday-school of forty and Christian Endeavor Society of 60 members, had been encouraged, a church would have been developed by this time. Mr. La Porte, who has done some very efficient service in Wisconsin, has been called to Kalama and Sunnyside. Grangeville, a vigorous and rapidly growing town of 2,000 people, the outfitting point for the rich Buffalo Hump country, about seventy miles southeast from Lewiston, is calling loudly for a Congregational church. Some of the principal business men are loyal Congregationalists. The only reason why a church has not been organized is because there is a Presbyterian church in the place. But it seems likely that the demands of the people will prevail. There is a great future to the town. It is surrounded by a rich prairie, which is taken up rapidly by new settlers, and the opinion of many is that the mineral belt of the Buffalo Hump country is especially rich and promises great things. A preliminary meeting has been held, having in mind the organization of a Congregational Club, and lots have probably been purchased before this in a central location. At Mountain View, three miles from Grangeville, there is a Sunday-school organized by Mr. Johnson, with forty members, and an earnest Congregationalist from Grangeville has organized a Christian Endeavor Society of twenty-one members at this place. There is another Sunday-school organized by Mr. Johnson at Harpster, twelve miles from Grangeville, on the south fork of the Clearwater. The school has recently purchased an organ. There is another Sunday-school ten miles west of Grangeville, at the Tolo postoffice, with sixty-five members. This school had a great Christmas entertainment. The field is white for the harvest. Mr. Johnson is planning to plant several new schools next month, one at White Bird, on Salmon river, another at Newman, only seven miles' distance, another at the Bruner district, a few miles east of the town of Cottonwood, and the Jones district, about four miles farther. Northern Idaho, from Grangeville to Priest river, three hundred miles' distance, is a vast missionary field promising great results. The new church edifice at Hope, Idaho, has been completed and is used. The Newport church, close to the northern Idaho line, and Priest River, a preaching station calling for a church, are in great need of a minister. Rev. O. S. Haines of Ferndale has received and accepted a call to Pataha, Washington.

A. L. Knudson, chaplain of the First Washington regiment in the Philippines, was ordained by a council of ministers and churches at Pilgrim church, Spokane, on February 8th. Rev. Clarence R. Gale preached the sermon; charge by Rev. G. R. Wallace, ordaining prayer by Rev. H. P. James.

Father Eells day was celebrated by Eells Academy students and Colville citizens on the evening of February 15th. Orations were delivered by students and others.

A reading room was opened at Wardner recently, the ladies of the New Century club giving a supper. Rev. J. Edwards delivered an address. More books needed.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

There lies at death's door in one of the hospitals in this city one of the leading citizens of this State, a lawyer by profession, and a Christian gentleman in the best sense of the term, although he does not belong to our communion. In addition to his being a man of character and integrity in every respect, he is a man of conspicuous ability, and withal a most excellent citizen, who would exalt any station in public life within the gift of our people. In age he is at the point where most men begin to do their best work, and until within a few weeks gave promise of a long and exceedingly useful life, touching, elevating and energizing those things which go to make for the best in our city and in our State. But now, scarcely without warning, he is stricken with an incurable disease—cancer of the stomach—and he lies, in full possession of his strong mental powers, calmly and bravely awaiting the end, without a murmur and without complaint of any sort, resting firmly upon the divine promise that all things work together for good to them that love him. With wife, children and many friends, and the certain promise of a brilliant as well as most useful future, there is everything around him and before him that can create in the human mind an earnest desire to live; and yet, amidst it all, he stands ready for the summons, without flinching, meeting every experience with the noble Christian fortitude with which he has faced all the duties of life. At first thought one is almost impelled to quarrel with the Providence that brings such a condition about, where a life, already so full of good deeds, and so rich in hopeful promise, when there is so much need of such an example to promote the cause of right living and doing, is about to be cut off in the meridian of its usefulness. While what it all means can scarcely be comprehended, yet in the words of another, "The great Comforter seems to have brought to him and his wife his peace, which, indeed, passeth understanding." And another dear friend said to the writer the other day: "It is a pathetic sight to watch this brave man calmly looking into the face of death, while his beloved and stricken wife strives with the same fortitude to bear up in his presence. His faith and Christian resignation carry a lesson to many of the young nurses and house doctors that witness it with wonder. He sees no one now but his wife and children and his clergyman, and but for the pang of parting from those he loves here, would welcome at any moment the call to a higher life."

May not one reason for our friend's taking away be found in these words? As Christians we are witnesses

for Christ. Why not in the experiences and vicissitudes which we know lead to certain death as well as in those which have more to do with our earthly career? When men become old and decrepit, then we think it is meet that they should be prepared to die, and that testimony to that effect is borne in the very nature of things. But when one who has not yet lived out more than half of his allotted years is fatally stricken, then we are inclined to feel bitter and characterize God as unjust and unfeeling. Witness-bearing is the demand of our times in order to the furtherance of the gospel; yes, witness bearing in death, as well as in life.

The Salem churches will unite in the movement for the world's evangelization. Union meetings will be held for a time in different parts of the city, and then each church will hold services in its own home.

The work in the Corvallis church is going on amidst many discouragements. The pastor, Rev. P. S. Knight, is giving efficient service, with very slight remuneration, and yet with a hopeful spirit. The fact that at both the First and Plymouth churches, the people are thoroughly united, is in itself an occasion for hope that there are better things in store. Systematic study of the Congregational benevolent societies, with a view to aiding each one as fully as possible, has awakened a good degree of interest. The opportunity for this church to do a good work in connection with the hundreds of young people who attend the State Agricultural College at Corvallis, is indeed very great.

After a session of forty-one days, the twenty-first biennial session of the Oregon Legislature adjourned last evening at 12:20. For thirty days ballots had been taken for the election of a United States Senator to succeed Hon. George W. McBride, Republican, but without success, notwithstanding there was a strong Republican majority on joint ballot, the combined Republican vote being fifty-five; but bitter party strife divided the vote, so that the most the majority candidate—Hon. H. W. Corbett—received at any time before yesterday was thirty-five. Last evening it seemed as if another deadlock was imminent, no one being nearer the goal until the twentieth ballot had been taken. Then Hon. J. H. Mitchell, who had already served as Senator for three terms, was nominated. This fused the Republican element opposed to Corbett, and combined with Democratic votes, on the twenty-fifth ballot, secured the election of Mr. Mitchell, as Senator for the next six years. Mr. Mitchell is an able man, and with his previous experience will doubtless make a good Senator.

Portland, February 24, 1901.

Married.

HENDERSON.—At Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, Wash., February 22, 1901, Mr. Norman E. Henderson and Miss Harriet E. Wynkoop, Rev. Rosine M. Edwards officiating.

A quiet hour spent with God at the beginning of the day is the best beginning for the toils and cares of active business. A brief season of prayer, looking above for wisdom and grace and strength, and seeking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, helps us to carry our religion into the business of the day. It brings joy and peace within the heart. And as we place all our concerns in the care and keeping of the Lord, faithfully striving to do his will, we have a joyful trust that however dark, or discouraging events may appear, our Father's hand is guiding everything and will give the wisest direction to all our toils.—"Philadelphia Methodist."

Extracts from Lincoln's Temperance Address Delivered in Springfield, Ill., Feb. 22, 1842.

"The preacher, it is said, advocates temperance because he is a fanatic, and desires a union of church and state; the lawyer from his pride and vanity of hearing himself speak; and the hired agent for his salary.

"But when one who has long been known as a victim of intemperance bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors, 'clothed and in his right mind,' a redeemed specimen of long-lost humanity, and stands up with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever; of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed down with woe, weeping, and a broken heart, now restored to health, happiness and renewed affection; and how easily it is all done. How simple his language! They cannot say that he desires a union of church and state, for he is not a church member; they cannot say he is vain of hearing himself speak, for his whole demeanor shows he would gladly avoid speaking at all; they cannot say he speaks for pay, for he receives none and asks for none. To such champions our success is greatly due."

Good, But for What.

There are a great many people in the world, but what are they good for? They do not drink; they do not swear; they do not gamble; they do not use tobacco; they keep the Sabbath day; yea, they even attend divine worship regularly, and so we say that they are good people. But what are they good for? Their goodness is of the negative kind. While they do not do anything bad, neither can we say that they do anything good. They never join in the song services; they never lift their voices in thanksgiving or prayer; they never go forth on missions of love and mercy; they never give for any noble purpose; and if they are asked to lend some assistance in any way, it is "Oh! I can't do that; get some one else to do it for you." While we call them good people and class them among the better element of the community, yet in our sober, thoughtful moments we are led to ask ourselves the question, What are they good for?—Rev. C. W. Davidson.

If you had a friend to whom you never went but to ask for something, and if your visits to your friend were made, not once, but twice, and even oftener, every day, what do you suppose your friend would think of you? What, indeed, in such a case ought you to think of yourself? Nothing, surely, that would be very flattering to your self-respect. And yet there are multitudes who never go to God except for favors, who never approach him but as beggars and suppliants. Their prayers are better than no prayer, for the infinite mercy is unwearied by our sordidness and weakness; but how incalculably much is lost by failure to recognize prayer as the opportunity for communion, as of sons with the loving Father—for absorption, during however brief a space, into the divine nature, whence to emerge with spirits chastened, purified, unburdened.—"The Examiner."

Is not living the most serious thing about which we can concern ourselves?—just everyday living, the kind that begins with commonplace duty in the morning, and ends with quiet fireside rest and simple prayer at night? What day is holier than every day? God help us to live it faithfully, this common, uneventful life of ours; for every day is the warp and woof of eternity.

Washington and Lafayette

These two names must ever stand intimately associated on the pages of American history. Washington, "the Father of his Country"; Lafayette, America's adopted son, the young French hero, who voluntarily placed fame, ease, riches, and a life of luxury on the altar of freedom.

In an article entitled "A Moment of Honor," written by Hezekiah Butterworth, and published in the February issue of "Success," we have a most thrilling testimonial of Lafayette's loyalty to Washington. And believing that it will be of special interest to our readers, and teach an important lesson to the youth of today, we here reproduce it as follows:

"It is character that is success, not the gaining of power, wealth, or social popularity. Wealth vanishes, fame perishes, but that which is true lives eternal.

"What was this banquet at York, to which he was to be invited, and where his character was to be put to a final test? It was a product of that dark and awful period of the Revolution (1777-1778), the days of Valley Forge, when the tattered army made the snows red with the track of blood.

"Washington had become unpopular. Gates, the hero of Saratoga, was the rising star. Congress had created a Board of War, which aimed to overrule the supreme command of Washington and to give Gates as its president the place of influence. Washington was secretly criticised in Congress. His army was in rags, amid hunger and snows, and in the shadow of defeat. But the heart of Washington—that was true. Hear his words in those dark days: "My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me. They know that I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets which it is of the utmost moment to conceal. But why should I expect to be exempt from censure, the unfailing lot of elevated station? My heart tells me that it has ever been my unremitted aim to do the best that circumstances would permit." (In 1778.)

"Again: 'I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens; yet, if I know myself, I would not seek popularity at the expense of any social duty or moral virtue.' (1788.)

"These words merit a lettering of gold.

"Washington had come to love Lafayette. The young Frenchman was like a son to him. The latter was now about twenty-one years of age. Would this susceptible son of France be true to him at this dark hour, or would he favor the Board of War?

"The plan of the Board of War was to assemble at York, summon Lafayette to the banquet, and there offer him the command of the Army of the North, in a dramatic way, that would signify that great honors should be assigned to him in return for his loyalty to them rather than to Washington.

"The invitation was sent to Lafayette. The Board of War assembled, with Gates as president and as the head of the illustrious company. Lights filled the hall, and the tables sparkled with wine. The American flag was there and the lilies of France. The dark purpose of the banquet was not known to all.

"The American officers were not intemperate men. Baron de Kalb, who served the American cause, was a total abstainer. But in those days the wine cup, if not the wine, went with the toasts as an emblem of loyalty. They began to lift their glasses in honor of the heroes. The toastmaster named the name of Gates, the hero of Saratoga. The banquet hall rang with applause. Then he named the name of each hero of the war, one by one. The glasses gleamed, and the hall rang with cheers. At length the list of heroes was completed. The name of Washington had not been spoken; it had been left out.

"The tall, slender form of the young marquis arose.

"'Hear! hear!' said all. All hearts beat in expectancy. There was silence, as he stood before them.

"Lafayette surveyed the Board, who awaited with breathless attention for what he had to say.

"'There is one toast,' he said firmly, 'that you omitted.' Hearts stood still. He continued: 'I propose to toast the Commander-in-Chief of the American army—George Washington.'

"He lifted the glass alone, and in silence. The cabal saw that their purpose had failed. The scheme of the Board of War to supersede Washington was thwarted. The son of France had been true. He seemed to have extinguished his own light; was it so? To Lafayette, standing there amid deserted hearts, that moment was one of those victories of the vanquished that rise like stars in the memory of mankind.

"It is the 22d of February. May the young men of America be as true as was Lafayette to the old principle of *Auvergne sans tache*."—"Religious Telescope."

WASHINGTON A PRAYING MAN.

The Quaker, Isaac Potts, tells us of Washington's prayer at Valley Forge—how, as he traversed the forest, he heard a fervent voice. Approaching nearer, whom should he behold, in a kind of bower, but the commander-in-chief, on his knees, in the act of devotion, praying to the Ruler of the universe. At the moment when Friend Potts, concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country. When the Quaker reached home, his wife asked the reason for his agitation. "I have this day seen," replied he, "what I never shall forget. If George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken; and still more shall I be disappointed if God, through him, does not perform some great thing for the country."

AT VALLEY FORGE.

"How comes it, sir," said Washington to the commander, as they paraded into the valley, "that I have tracked the march of your troops by the blood-stains of their feet upon the frozen ground? Were there no shoes in the commissary's stores, that this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highway?" The officer replied, "When shoes were issued, the regiments were served in turn; it was our misfortune to be among the last, and the stores became exhausted." Washington's emotions were of the strongest kind, and he said, "Poor fellows!"

"At no period of the war," writes Chief Justice Marshall, "had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge. More than once they were absolutely without food. There was seldom at any time a quantity of provisions sufficient for a week. The returns of the first of February exhibited the astonishing number of three thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine men in camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Of this number, scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Although the total of the army exceeded seventeen thousand men, the effective rank and file amounted to five thousand and twelve." Their clothes were in rags and tatters.

AT YORKTOWN.

Yorktown was the brilliant grand finale of the Revolution. Lord Cornwallis was the Robert E. Lee of the royal army; he had already won a military wreath in Holland, and he was to win two or more, one as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and another by beneficent administration in India. He was skillful, vigorous, effective, in his services against the Americans. But like Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg, he made an equally surprising and altogether needless blunder at Yorktown. He had marched destructively through the South. Reaching Wilmington, he changed his plans and made Virginia and the Chesapeake the basis of his future operations, which he had not yet forecast.

At the close of a campaign of various fortunes, he moved to Yorktown to fortify it as a naval station. When De Grasse wrote him that he should sail for the Chesapeake, Washington changed his plans, and struck like a hammer. The American and French armies moved and combined. French and German and Continental generals and troops, pressed to the stage, sixteen thousand besigers against seven thousand five hundred besieged. Lafayette, Steuben and Lincoln were there. General Knox was there, the chief of artillery. The final advance on Yorktown was by parallels; for ten days the siege was vigorously prosecuted. The British began to look blue. On the first investment, an old Scotch lieutenant was heard to say, "Come on, Maister Washington, I'm unco' glad to see you. I've been offered money for my commission, but I could na think of ganging hame without a sight of you. Come on!" Poor fellow, the first cannon-ball severely wounded him.

The redoubts were stormed. The British storming attack failed.

October 17, 1781, the British army marched out to surrender to the English tune, "The World Turned Upside Down."

Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword through General O'Hara; Washington received it through General Lincoln.

The sun of American Independence stood at the meridian.

George Washington never saw a postage stamp or an envelope. They were unknown here until 1837, after Rowland Hill had introduced them in England. Letters were written, folded and addressed, all on the same sheet, and stuck with a wafer or with sealing wax. Our early statesmen could hardly have dreamed of the millions upon millions of portraits of themselves that would some day be distributed broadcast by a great postal system. In 1880 the mail routes included a few cities in Maine, Georgia, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kentucky and Virginia, making tri-weekly deliveries in summer and bi-weekly in winter. There was no Postmaster General in the Cabinet until 1829. Letters were charged twenty-five cents postage for anything over four hundred and fifty miles; half a century later ten cents prepaid carried a letter three thousand miles, and under that distance five and three cents. The popular pen was the good gray-goose quill. It was not until 1819 that we got our first steel pens from England, where Perry had just begun their manufacture.

Home Circle.

In the Book Our Mother Read.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all the flower-fields of the soul:
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mother read. —Whittier.

A Sunshiny Saint.

"Yes, she's just sunshine in any community she's in." One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Arizona desert, with its cactus and sage brush.

"I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement, where they had a very hard time, and where everybody loved her; and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same. Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smooths over the quarrels he feels it necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes."

"How about her children?" asked the other woman. "I hope they take after her."

"There were two, but they are both dead.It was a life sorow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender manner in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She turns everything into sweetness, you see. She is the best Christian I know, and the 'joy of the Lord' isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us."

That was all we heard, but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshine—we all have known such a one. The pity of it is that, while admiring such victorious cheerfulness, we feel no responsibility to cultivate it ourselves. We, too, can be "just sunshine" if we choose.—"Forward."

In Good Standing.

The ice cold Christian may be a member of the church, "in good standing." Yes, and a contributing member, too. He attends church quite regularly, and sings in the choir. When he gets his "Sunday best" on he looks quite like a Christian, but how does he live?

No Bible reading.
No blessing asked at the table.
No family prayers.
No Bible instruction for the children.
No religious conversation in the home.
No private prayer.
No attendance at the week-day services.
No attendance at Sunday-school.
No Christ in his choice of reading matter.
No Christ in his private amusements.
And only a little Christ in his head.

Well, what has he then, which the commonest sinners have not?

1. He has his name on the church roll.
2. He has his name on the list of contributing members.
3. He has a pew or an occasional sitting in church.

These three things and nothing more, to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian.

If he should die, he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved as reasons for a blessed assurance that he had gone straight to glory with an abundant entrance.—Michigan "Christian Advocate."

The Test.

Ther are times in the life of most people who profess Christianity when there come doubts as to whether they are living up to the standard laid down in the Bible. For myself, I have written down the following questions and find it a good plan:

Do I love God with all my heart, soul and strength?

Am I willing to leave all and follow him?

Have I the faith in Christ which enables me, in times of trouble and affliction, to look up and say: "Not my will, but thine, be done"?

Do I keep the commandments?

Do I do good as I have opportunity?

Do I search the Scriptures daily to see what the Lord would have me to do?

Can I claim the precious promises?

Do I cherish a kind and forgiving spirit toward my enemies and love my neighbor?

Do I consider it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to do all I can for the cause of Christ?

Am I keeping myself pure and unspotted from the world?

Do I thank God morning, noon and night, and at all times cherish a spirit of thankfulness for the blessings I have?

If, when the evening of each day comes, I can conscientiously answer, "I do, as far as in me lies," asking God to pardon my weaknesses and omissions and to give me greater strength and desire to learn his will, I feel the sweet assurance that it will be given me as I ask it. Then, as I lie down upon my couch to sleep, I feel that whether I wake in this world or not, "all will be well."—Herald and Presbyter.

How to Encourage People.

It is a great art to know how to administer encouragement wisely. Perhaps the best you can do for any one who is in perplexity and difficulty is to manifest your faith in him. The secret of discouragement is self-distrust. The man thinks that he has done all he can, or fears that he will fail. The friend who shows that he believes in him, sends him away with a new inspiration and confidence. It is a capital mistake to seek to encourage people by underrating their trials. You say to your friend: "Oh, that is nothing at all; you can do that easily enough," and you have made his burden heavier. The difficulty is a real one to him. You can not help him until you take his point of view, and see how hard the conditions are in his conception of them. Then you can encourage him, and you will do it by telling him that you understand the difficulty, but that you believe that he can conquer it. Then you have appealed to the man with the man. He knows that some one understands him, and the next time you meet him, he will say by his glowing face: "I thank you! It was hard work, but I did it. I did it because you believed in me, and that made me believe in myself."—"The Watchman."

When the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low alike—then it's na what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others that we think maist pleasantly on.—Sir Walter Scott.

Our Boys and Girls.

"Roger and I, We's Twinnies."

"When God opened up a bit of blue sky,
To let one little boy-angel by,
There were two slipped out, and that's just why
We's twinnies!

"Roger has blue eyes and I has black,
Papa was going to send me back.
Mamma cried so when he took that tack—
We's twinnies!

"More little dresses had to be made,
Two little chairs set out in the shade,
Two little childrens to be afraid—
We's twinnies!

"Papa comes home quick every night;
Roger's is left knee, mine is right.
We squeezes him up most awfully tight—
We's twinnies!

"We puts our arms 'round his neck—just so;
He says he don't want to see us grow,
(Won't be so cute when we're men, you know)—
We's twinnies!" —Anon.

What She Needed.

"I don't know what to do about my daughter Lucy," said a perplexed mother, who had come to an outspoken but kindly old physician for advice. "She seems so listless, and does not seem to have any interest in life, and she's so irritable at times. I don't think that she has exercise enough, and I want to know what you think about my sending her to a gymnasium or to dancing-school. She's tired of her bicycle, and the lawn-tennis season is past. What would you advise?"

"How old is she?" asked the doctor.

"Nearly nineteen."

"Can she cook?"

"Oh, no; she knows nothing about cooking."

"Can she sweep?"

"No; my maid does all the sweeping."

"Does she take care of her own room, and make her own bed?"

"No, I do that. Her room is next to mine, and I've always attended to that."

"Does she have any part whatever in the household duties?"

"No; I can not say that she has."

"No duties, no responsibilities, no sense of obligation, no part in the work to be done in every household?"

"Well, no."

"Then, madam," said the doctor frankly, "your daughter has no need of a gymnasium in which to expend her pent-up energies. I don't wonder that she is irritable and unhappy."

"What would you advise?" asked the mother, weakly.

"I would advise you to make her feel that she has a part and a place in your home life; that its duties must be borne by all of the members of the family in common, and that she must do her part toward contributing to the general comfort of the home. A girl of her age, with no home duties, no responsibilities, no interest in her home, needs more than a gymnasium or a dancing-school to make her healthful and happy."—The Household.

A Baby Shoemaker.

Chicks begin to scratch for themselves as soon as they are out of the shell, and the very babes of barbarous Africa seem to be almost as prompt in providing for their own wants. Imagine a Fifth Avenue toddler of three making his own shoes! A recent traveler in central Africa describes such a precocious cobbler:

"There were several natives at the water holes, poor wretches who had fled from the Abyssinians, and among them was a little boy not over three years old, who amused me very much by begging for a little leather to make sandals for himself. On handing him a knife and some oryx hide, the youngster set to work like an old shoemaker, cutting off the leather for laces and fashioning the sandals wonderfully well.

"One of the first things that strikes a stranger in Africa is the wonderful rapidity with which children develop. Real childhood is unknown, although manhood is never reached. The little ones are thrown on their own resources at such an early period that they quickly learn to act for themselves in providing for the passing hour, and little more than this is attained in after life. Our little visitor said he had no relative in the country, and no one to look after him, but he coolly intimated that he was going to follow the caravan till it reached some large village, where he could earn his living by minding goats and sheep."—Selected.

A Bird's Nest Changed the Road.

Some years ago, General David S. Stanley, of the United States army, was leading a force across the plains. He was laying out the route for a great railroad. There were two thousand men, twenty-five hundred horses and mules, and a train of two hundred and fifty wagons heavily laden.

One day the general was riding at the head of the broad column, when suddenly his voice rang out, "Halt!"

A bird's nest lay on the ground directly in front of him. In another moment the horses would have trampled on the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest.

He halted for a moment, looked at the little birds in the nest below, and then gave the order, "Left oblique!"

Men, horses, mules, and wagons turned aside, and spared the home of the helpless bird. Months, and even years after, those who crossed the plains saw a great bend in the trail. It was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest. Truly, great hearts are tender hearts, and "the loving are the daring."—"Young People's Paper."

No Chance.

No chance in this land of opportunity, where the very atmosphere is a perpetual tonic, in a country whose untold resources are a constant spur to endeavor!

No chance in a land where deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller goes to college, where cripples and invalids succeed!

No chance in a land where newsboys and poor boys from the farm go to Congress!

Why, the whole history of our country is the history of the boy and the girl with no chance.

Power and fortune are lying all about you, awaiting the eye that can see, the ear that can hear, the hand that can achieve.

No chance! Why, you cannot keep an American youth with grit and determination from success. Once give him the alphabet, and there is no placing a limit to his career.—Success.

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LAID UP IN HEAVEN.

After all, the best satisfaction in life arises from what you are able to do for the happiness and welfare of other people. That is the great advantage of wealth. It is not that it gives you the opportunity of leading a more luxurious and self-indulgent life; it is not that you can have a fine house and garden, books and pictures, travel and society, but it is that you have it in your power to help others, to lift them over hard places, and to give them the substantial encouragements that are so useful. But this power does not reside merely in the possession of money; it also goes with good health, a cheerful disposition, knowledge, skill, or any advantage that you have over those less favored. All these things are trusts, and we make the noblest and most satisfactory use of them when we use them as trusts, not for ourselves, but to promote the welfare of others. What a significant thing it is that our Savior, who treated the suggestion that he should use his miraculous power to change a stone into bread as a temptation of Satan, a few days later should have wrought his first miracle by turning water into wine, to promote the pleasure and comfort of others! The more we see of life the firmer is apt to be our persuasion that we get the best of any power or advantage we may happen to have by using it for the welfare of others. By that use we transmute it into a permanent spiritual value. The riches we can amass in that way are truly laid up in heaven.—"The Watchman."

A SMALL BOY ON WATER.

What one schoolboy knew about water is told in a composition printed in a school journal:

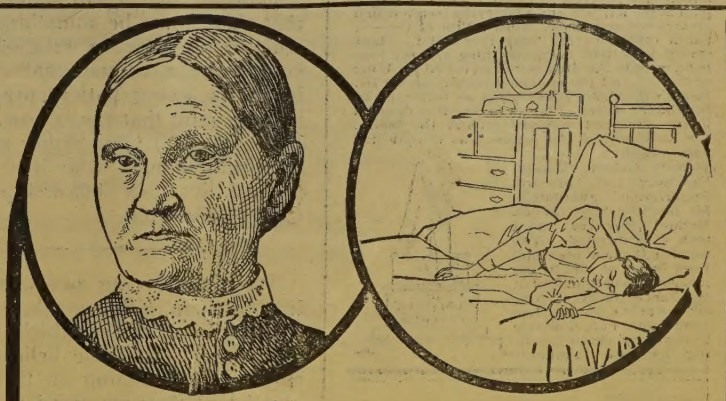
"Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish, when you eat too much.

"There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys through a squirt, and catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel.

"Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't water to pull them out of. Water is first-rate to put out fires with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all that I can think about water—except the flood."

What we are and where we are is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face and see what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.—F. W. Robertson.

The man who is but an echo in the city may be a voice in the wilderness.



Nervous Exhaustion

"Two years ago this summer I was in a miserable condition as the result of hard work. I was completely run down, pale and losing flesh, and so nervous that I could not sleep or even get rest. It was dreadful to go to bed at night all worn out and lie awake for hours with nervousness. If I did fall asleep it was to wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

"My head troubled me a great deal, too, both with pain and dizziness. If I stooped over at any time I would be so dizzy I could hardly see or keep from falling down. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion at this time, but the nervousness was the greater trouble. If I became a little excited my hands would shake so I could hardly hold anything in them. I employed our best physicians, but not one of them did me any permanent good.

"I had, of course, read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but had never taken any of them till Mr. Robert Van Kuren, of Jordan, recommended them to me so strongly, from his own experience with them, that I got some and before the first box was used up I began to feel that they were doing me good. I kept on taking them according to directions and got from them the only real, permanent benefit I have had from any remedy. It did seem so good to get a night's sleep and to be refreshed by it. I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I do, and shall, recommend them to my friends. I generally keep a box in the house to take in case I feel a little run down."

June 26, 1900. ELLEN PARCE, *4 Spruce St., Binghamton, N. Y.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.

It has been wittily said of the martyrs that they were people who were cannonaded while they lived and were canonized when they were dead. The same thing might be said of many a woman, who has been cannonaded by censures and criticisms while she lived and canonized as a saint after death.

Husbands don't mean to be small and selfish. But they can't understand the sufferings which come with debilitating drains, irregularity, inflammation, or ulceration of the sensitive female organs.

Thousands of happy women pay tribute to the wonderful change in their lives effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is not a cure-all. It has a specific purpose, in the curing of diseases peculiar to women. It cures these diseases perfectly.

Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce free by letter. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence, privately read and promptly answered. All answers are in plain envelopes. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"My health is much better since I have been using Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Cora Brooks, of Martin, Franklin Co., Ga. "After having a miscarriage in 1895, I suffered with a pain in my left side and a lingering cough which grew worse and worse. I used Wine of C——, but it only gave me temporary relief. Last spring I got past doing anything and my husband went to the drug store and called for Wine of C——, and the merchant recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as better, so he bought one bottle. I began to take it as directed in the pamphlet wrapped around the bottle. The book said if the disease was complicated with cough to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' alternately. Mr. Brooks got the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and I took it as directed. The cough left me at once and I got better so rapidly my husband was astonished at my improvement. I took six bottles of the two medicines. I am now able to work and do the washing for two families."

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AN OPEN BOOK.

A wicked, drunken woman in one of our large cities was attracted into a church on Sunday evening and was converted to Christ. The pastor the church went to see her husband and found him a very shrewd mechanic, who was very bitter against Christianity, and greatly fascinated with Ingersoll's sneers at the Bible. He was full of contempt at his wife's profession of conversion, and said he had no doubt she'd soon get over it. Six months passed away, and one evening this man called to see the minister in great anxiety concerning his own salvation. He said: "I have read all the leading books on the evidences of Christianity, and I can stand out against their arguments; but for the past six months I have had an open book about my own fireside, in the person of my wife, that I am not able to answer. I have come to the conclusion that I am wrong, and that there must be something holy and divine about a religion that could take a woman and change her into a loving, patient, prayerful, singing saint that she is now." The best books on Christianity are the men and women who live transformed lives, in fellowship with Christ.—Selected.

It is not seeing one's friends, having them within reach, hearing of and from them, which makes them ours. It is the believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are good and true to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true toward everybody else, ourselves included.—D. M. Craik.

If you Feel Irritable

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage, and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

THE continual breaking of lamp-chimneys costs a good deal in the course of a year.

Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass." You will have no more trouble with breaking from heat. You will have clear glass instead of misty; fine instead of rough; right shape instead of wrong; and uniform, one the same as another.

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LADIES' PARLOR.

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the door